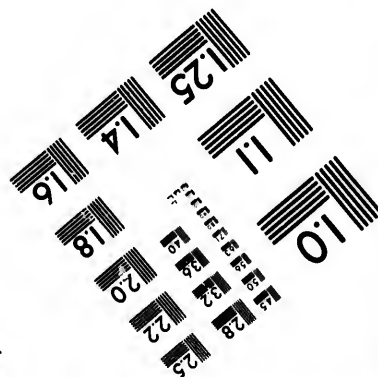
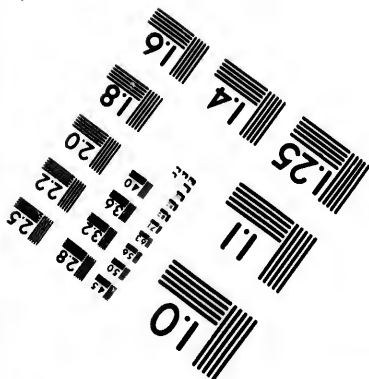
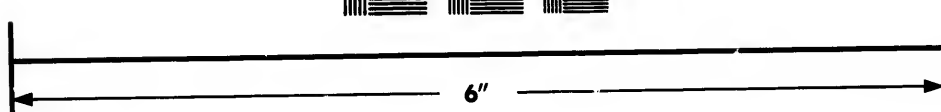
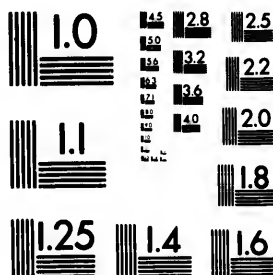


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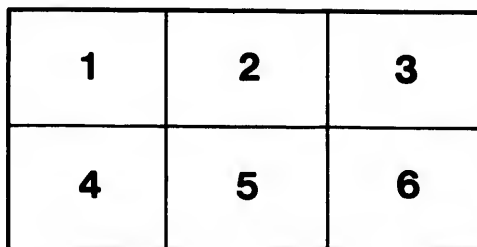
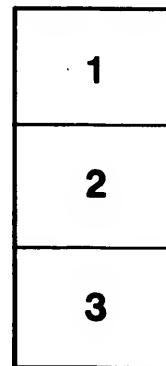
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LOUISE.

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LORETTE.

THE

HISTORY OF LOUISE,

DAUGHTER OF A

CANADIAN NUN:

EXHIBITING THE

INTERIOR

OF

FEMALE CONVENTS.

Where is she, whose looks were love and gladness?
—Love and gladness I no longer see!
She is gone; and since that hour of sadness,
Nature seems her sepulchre to me.

MONTGOMERY.

NEW YORK:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY WM. A. MERCEIN,
240 Pearl street, corner of Burling-Slip.

.....
1833.

LP
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INTRODUCTORY LETTER.

To * * * *

SOME years ago, my friend, I made a tour in Canada ; and was introduced to a gentleman whose extensive knowledge of the local scenery of that Province, and of the most influential persons in society, greatly facilitated my pursuits, and enlarged my information. He accompanied me to Montmorenci, Lorette, and Lake Charles. On our return, as we sauntered around the mill at the Indian village, admiring the picturesque beauties of the rapids in the stream.—“ This place, said Diganu ; is associated with very affecting occurrences.” “ What were they ?” was my inquiry.

He paused, as if perplexed at the consciousness of an imprudent disclosure ; and upon my repeating the question, he merely added,—“ The tale is too long for our present hearing, and must not now be told.”

On a subsequent visit to Quebec, a large party proposed the same excursion, again to enjoy a sail upon the Lake. Diganu took his seat in my caleche. We halted at the Indian village on our return ; and having crossed the bridge, we arrived at the spot where the dell is viewed in all its striking varieties. After surveying the river and its banks with

much emotion ; my aged companion remarked.—“ I intimated to you two years ago, the intense interest which I feel in beholding this scene.”

“ Yes—I replied, and my curiosity was awakened by your intimation. Often at a long distance have I remembered Lorette, and have been sadly tantalized with your reserve.”

“ The expression of my feelings then, in a measure, was involuntary—he answered—but the causes of my silence will soon cease to exist, so that before you leave Montreal, you shall possess the whole story. It is not probable, he added—after our separation for this season, that we shall ever meet again on earth. My age precludes the possibility of my long continuance in this world ; and as you do not expect to be in Canada until a distant period shall have arrived—I will confide to you the circumstances to which I alluded ; with other details of human life, which I have met with during my terrestrial pilgrimage.”

Prior to my departure ; Diganu presented me a large sealed packet. “ This parcel, said he, contains the record of some past events and characters. It is not to be opened until you have been apprised of my decease. After that event, the narratives are subject to your disposal.”

My friend’s painful anticipation was realized. We met no more. During the last spring, when I was looking forward to the pleasure that I should experience in a renewal of social intercourse with the veteran ; after the lapse of a longer time.

than usual, from the reception of his final epistolary remembrance; I was informed of his peaceful departure from earth; and of the testamentary bequest by which he had manifested his regard for his distant acquaintance.

The packet was immediately unfolded; and the contents appeared so interesting and instructive, that it was decided, others should peruse the delineations it comprised. A note was inclosed which thus explained the Writer's views and designs.

"You will perceive, my beloved friend, that these sheets have been written at very distant intervals. They contain notices of persons and things characteristic of Canadian society. The names of all the parties are changed. Although the actors have disappeared and the curtain has dropped upon their part of the tragic drama, yet as the narrator would surely be known, I have imposed the seal of secrecy, until it will be of no importance to me what use is made of these documents. I consign the manuscripts to you now, in preference to leaving them among my papers; as in that case, they might never have been seen by you; for it is most probable, that those persons who must necessarily act under my last will, would destroy memorials which record facts, that no man in Canada would dare to publish. When you peruse these biographical narratives, you will be reminded of Lorette; and of your

Faithful and affectionate

DIGANU."

Cape Diamond,
20th September, 1826. }

The manuscripts thus confided to my perusal were manifestly written when the occurrences were vividly impressed upon the memory. Many remarks and circumstances have been omitted. They betrayed a little of the old gentleman's garrulity, and were sometimes irrelevant, or too caustic and severe. With the exception of the commencement, the documents have been transposed, so as to adapt them for a continuous history.

No stranger can visit Canada without an awakened and deep interest -- and an acute American observer of life and manners naturally inquires into the causes of those varied novelties which attract his notice. The peculiar characteristics of society there elude a slight regard; and to comprehend the state of religious principles, the tone of domestic morals, the mental vassalage, and the profound debasement of the *habitans* of that Province, numerous difficulties and obstructions must be surmounted. Patience, with perseverance, is necessary to delve into the secrets of their social and political condition.

A solicitude to understand and analyze the elements of Canadian character and habits, influenced me to use all the means to obtain accurate and diversified information upon these melancholy topics. My acquaintance with Diganu aided my design.

The circumstances of his life had increased his tact for surveying those around him; and his whole course had rendered it necessary for him to watch with all keenness, the wayward doings of his associates and fellow-citizens. His

natural aptitude of discrimination had received an additional impulse by the intelligence which he had imbibed, and as he expressed it—"After my eyes were once opened, I maintained a sleepless watch upon the proceedings of every person with whom I was obliged to become acquainted. To that most uncomfortable suspiciousness of all mankind, in which for some years I lived, I am indebted for the temporal comfort which I enjoy; and I passed through one-half of my earthly course, before I fully comprehended the meaning of a solitary exercise combined with the charities of domestic life; except in connection with the affair of Lorette and Chretien! When eating my solitary meal, or roaming alone around the city; often have I vented my dreary feelings and morbid disquietude in this homely couplet—

Father, mother, sister, brother, friend—
Wife!—Ah! what do those dear names intend?"

Diganu however had survived all his forced and unnatural misanthropy. He displayed tenderness and affection of the highest order, commingled with a charming sincerity, that rendered communion with him increasingly delightful. The arcana of Canadian society he unfolded in its minutest features; and however perplexing some of his statements appeared; he affirmed them to be all true, and vanquished incredulity by evidence which no scepticism could deny.

In the following narrative, some of the contents of my own port-folio are conjoined with Diganu's details. To specify the distinctions is superfluous. All the circumstances are part of those annals which represent man as he is, not as fiction describes him.

A flattering portrayer of Canada delineates the habitans upon the banks of the river Lawrence, as a gallant, high principled, enlightened, and dignified race of mortals, of superior mental elevation and moral worth. To assume this standard of any nation, *en masse*, is over-stepping the boundaries of veracity, and that it is totally inapplicable to the Gallic population of Lower Canada, is known to every individual who has not continued in a *dead sleep*, while making the grand northern tour.

The ensuing pages depict Canadian personages, not in the imaginative embellishments of romance, but in the unadorned drapery of truth. Who of Diganu's actors strutted on the theatre of life, anterior to the capture of Quebec by Wolfe's army, and who are of a subsequent period, there is no clue to discover. His descriptions of the natural scenery are very correct: and some of his individual portraits and narratives of events, I have frequently heard attested as matters of common notoriety.

This explanation contains all that is necessary as an introductory notice to Lorette. You, my friend, I trust, will unite in judgment with the opinion of several clergymen who examined the manuscript, before it was sent to press; that the perusal of this narrative will enhance the love of freedom, intelligence, purity and truth; and also render that triple unholy alliance, ignorance, error and corruption, more odious and repugnant.

* * * *

LORETTE.

“ Amid the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless ;
Minions of splendor shrinking from distress !
None who with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less,
Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought and sued ;
This is to be alone—this, this is solitude !”

On the twenty-first day of December, 17—, Diganu and Chretien devoted the hours to a circuitous ride around Quebec, for the purpose of arranging the most agreeable mode to dissipate the approaching Christmas, in conformity with the Canadian customs. This is a season of festivity, in which every species of sensual indulgence is admitted without restriction. Considerable preparation and expense and all possible ingenuity are impressed into the service to render the close of the year a period of jollity, a carnival ; when folly and vice rule in all plenitude of sway. High Mass having been chanted ; it seems, that the people think the Savior is honored in exact proportion to the extent of their criminal revelry.

In these practices, Diganu had been nurtured. All his ideas of religion were compressed within a point. Like every other orderly peaceable Canadian devotee; his creed of faith comprised but two articles,—“I must believe only what the priest teaches; and when I die, I shall go where *Le Pretre*, the Priest, chooses to send me.” His moral code was equally concise and *edifying*—“I must do all that the Priest orders.”

Thus the revolving years repeated the same unvarying routine. Dancing, gambling, and dissipation for two weeks from Christmas.—Gormandizing, drinking and frolic, during several days before Lent—pretended fasting, confession to *Le Pretre*, and mumbling over the Ave Mary, until Good Friday—High Mass and every species of youthful gratification in full indulgence at Easter; with all the other annual minor repetitions of the same farce of religious buffoonery; the same drivelling comedy of low life, and the same heinous tragedy of spiritual crime.

His companion on the ride to Charlebourg and Lorette, was of the true Canadian orthodox stamp; a creature reckless of the past, present and future; who regularly practised all the exterior mummerly which *Le Pretre* enjoined; and with no less confidence implicitly trusted his soul to the Priest's safe keeping and clemency. They had completed all their arrangements, and in their carriage, with characteristic levity were exulting in their anticipated delights at the ensuing festival. When they arrived at the head of the dell of

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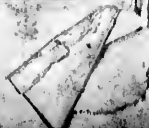
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LORETTA.



Lorette, through which the river Charles so impetuously rushes, their attention was absorbed by an object which deeply alarmed them.

It was a moonlight evening ; but the heavens were partially covered with those deep gray fitting clouds, which, in connection with the luminous effects of the snow, give to the northern regions that peculiar aspect which the Canadian winter nights present; and which attach to objects at a certain distance, a shadowy indistinctness, that is calculated to excite very undefinable emotions. Whether the tone of their feelings had been too highly exhilarated, and the revulsion so natural in such cases affected them is immaterial—but Diganu remarked to his companion—" what is that figure standing upon yonder rock ?"

" Qu 'est que c'est ? What is it—replied Chretien ; Je ne sais pas ; I know not : but it looks like a woman. We must hurry round and ascertain."

As they rapidly crossed the stream, they discerned that it was a female figure. Her head was uncovered ; her hair was disordered ; she had none of the clothing usual for that inclement season ; and she appeared to be wringing her hands, beating her bosom, and agonized in the extremity of despair. Perceiving her perilous situation, Diganu and Chretien with all possible expedition hastened to the spot ; but as they approached the projection, she was invisible. Upon examination, they found a young woman prostrate against a jutting

tree, wounded, insensible, with half her body resting on a large branch ; by which, it was evident, that she had been saved from being precipitated one hundred feet into the yawning abyss. They rescued her from her imminently dangerous position, collected a bonnet, with some other articles of female winter dress, and without delay transferred her to the attentions of the neighboring squaws.

Diganu determined to remain at Lorette to await the result, while Chretien drove to Quebec to procure medical aid. During the night, she continued totally unconscious, and apparently in a death like stupor. Not a memorial was found, by which her name, place of abode, or connections could be ascertained ; and it was not until the morning, when the surgeon arrived and bled her. that she exhibited any symptoms of energy. Her wounds were pronounced to be slight, but as she appeared to be in a high fever, it was indispensable that she should remain where she had been first conveyed. Diganu and his Companion engaged to provide all suitable conveniencies ; and to devote the days of the festival in assisting to restore their patient.

How changed the scene ! The two thoughtless children of vanity sacrificed all their fancied enjoyments to watch a stranger, whom they had delivered from destruction, or to a daily ride into Quebec for medical direction and the necessaries essential for their protegee. The close of the holidays approached ; and their sister, as the youths familiarly denominated her, for she was evidently of about their own age, still remained in a

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peculiarly delicate condition. To leave her was unavoidable; they therefore confided her to the care of two squaws. Frequently did they visit her as she became convalescent; and when permitted by the surgeon, they conducted her to the city, and placed her where she could be duly attended and watched.

In reference to every thing personal, she maintained the most cautious reserve. All their ingenuity, and Diganu betrayed a peculiar interest in her welfare, was ineffectual to elicit the least glimpse of her history. There was a cause however for the deep sympathy which Diganu especially manifested towards her. When she was first carried to the Indian cottage; and her head was washed to remove the blood which was upon her face and temples; at the top of her forehead, was a small punctured cross, with the letter M perfectly invisible as the hair was usually worn; and of course, known only to herself and to the person who imprinted it.

Diganu, according to a delusive infatuation among some of his countrymen, had a place on his crown shaved, and on this bald spot was also a small cross, marked with the letter D. When the squaws called the young men to look at the cross concealed by her hair, thereby to ascertain the identity of her whom they had saved from death, Diganu recollected what he had been told of his own head, and desired Chretien to examine it. The similarity of the figures was so great, that his friend declared; they must have been impres-

sed by the same person. Such a coincidence at any other period would have been unnoticed—but in the then state of Diganu's excited feelings, he considered it as almost miraculous; and he therefore became additionally interested in the daughter of sorrow, who had thus been so fortuitously cast upon his protection. All the parties present, the Squaws, the Indians and Chretien, being then equally superstitious, their varied remarks only tended to increase the impression upon his mind; until he resolved to make any sacrifice for her comfort and safety.

The two friends at that period were commencing life on their own basis. Both had just previously entered upon a small business; and they therefore agreed as soon as the patient had fully recovered, to make her an offer to superintend their little bachelor's establishment. She was to be considered in all points as their sister; and to receive all the attentions and endearments of that tender relation. But to this proposition, Louise, as she declared her name, stedfastly objected. She seemed to have an unspeakable aversion to be the subject of a stranger's scrutiny. Her dislike was finally vanquished.

Diganu and Chretien, when she felt fully restored, were discussing with Louise, her future prospects. This topic, during her malady, had never engaged her attention. When the subject was thus distinctly presented to her consideration, she instantly realized all her dependent and friendless condition. She was deeply

agitated. Her friends assured her, that their solicitude was only for her comfort; and that they would consent to any arrangement which she would propose, provided that it was beneficial to herself.

In the course of the interview, she acknowledged that she was qualified in various ways, to support herself; but she palpitated with tremor, whenever any plan was suggested, through which she could possibly be recognised, or even known to any other persons; and expressed her hope that the attending Surgeon had not seen her forehead. This allusion reminded Diganu and Chretien of the cross; and they informed her of the discovery; but also assured her, that the nurses only, except themselves, were acquainted with it; and that the squaws merely crossed themselves, when they saw what they thought the mysteriously good sign upon her head.

“I propose—said Chretien—that we inspect that cross again. Your peculiar situation may have deceived me; but if my opinion was then correct; I think I can point you to a sign not less remarkable.”

After some hesitation; Louise consented; and the cross was still visible in all its distinctness. “What is the design of this letter M?” inquired Diganu.

“I know not—she faintly replied with a blush—no person has seen it before yourselves, since I first discovered it. The only woman, who I can think, might

have explained the mystery, either did not know, which I believe most probable, or else she considered me too young to be intrusted with the secret."

"Eh bien ! well ; Diganu—said Chretien—vous avez raison ; you are right."

"What do you mean ?" asked the anxious Louise. Chretien then requested her to examine the shorn spot on Diganu's head : but she had no sooner seen the talismanic mark, than she sunk into her chair almost fainting.

When she was restored ; "Diganu—said Louise—you have already told me that from a certain sympathy for which you cannot account, you feel peculiarly interested for my welfare. This remarkable cross stamped upon both of us justifies the confidence that I am about to place in you. You will permit me to maintain all the secrecy I please. I shall neither visit nor receive visitors ; nor shall I be seen by any of your associates. Upon these conditions, I will consent to perform the menial duties of your house."

This arrangement was objected to by Chretien. "You have not been used to kitchen business. Your refined manners—said he—your delicate frame ; your soft and white hands ; and your excellent understanding, with your other capacities, prove ; that you have not been and are not qualified to be a household drudge."

"I have stated—replied Louise—the only terms upon which I will consent to place myself under your protection."

The next evening was designated for her removal. When Diganu and Chretien were conversing over this scheme; they both agreed, that no other mode was practicable to preserve Louise from misery. The gloom upon her mind was very oppressive. Her timidity of being noticed was unconquerable; at the same time her resolution was so undaunted, that every thing was to be dreaded, in case she should be exposed to the same trial which had already jeopardized her life. Yet, she had never betrayed, by any intimation, that her near approach to death at Lorette was voluntary; and the only emotion that she exhibited was, when any inquiry was made into her prior history. Her friends therefore resolved, that they would accept of her services, retain her secret in all possible privacy; and permit her to live as secluded and unknown as she pleased.

Far other ideas occupied the mind of Louise, during the interval prior to her actual residence with her deliverers. Their knowledge of her awful situation at Lorette; their acquaintance with the mysterious cross on her forehead; the similar mark on Diganu's head; the risk of her being discovered; their doltish subservience to their Priest, notwithstanding their better sense and principles, combined with their gay and frivolous tempers; and her own hatred and contempt of all the mummery of their superstitions, embarrassed her judg-

ment ; and had a certain escape been practicable, she undoubtedly would have attempted it To live as she had done when sick was impossible. It appeared to her therefore, preferable to rely upon the promises of two open hearted young men ; all whose actions, kindness and intercourse had been so benevolent and fraternally delicate, than to expose herself to the terrifying dangers from which she had so recently and marvelously escaped. Under the concealment of darkness, she left her apartment unobserved, and was introduced to her new habitation.

From the commencement of her abode with her friends, Louise uniformly refused to eat with them ; and never admitted herself to be addressed but as their inferior and servant. At length, however, they noticed that she used no mass book ; and that she kept no crucifix ; no images ; no holy water ; no beads ; and no rosary. These deceitful baubles had been duly provided for her chamber, but they were all removed ; and the old cross which hung over the kitchen fire-place had disappeared, and no vestige of popery remained. It was determined by her protectors to explore this mystery.

Diganu, being in the kitchen, inquired of Louise ; " What has become of the sacred cross which used to adorn the mantle peice ?" " You agreed"—replied the trembling maiden—" to let me live according to my own way."

"We did so—said Diganu—but then we took it for granted that you belonged to the Holy Roman Church."

"You should have asked me that at first"—Louise meekly answered—"and my gratitude and candor would have induced me to confess that I belong to no visible Church."

"This justifies exactly what Chretien and I have thought—rejoined Diganu—we put into your sleeping apartment, the Mass book, the true image of the Blessed Virgin, and the Holy Crucifix which all good Catholics worship. We also procured some holy water bought from the priest himself as a great favor; and a rosary made by the Nuns and blessed by the Bishop; and they are all gone. Mere de Dieu! priez pour nous, Mother of God, pray for us. Ah! Louise: do you never use these sacred things?"

"No—she replied without hesitation—"I burnt the Mass-book, the Images and the rosary. The water I cast into the street, and if you knew as much as I do of the Priests and their pretended religion; you would do the same."

In deep thought, Diganu paused; but at length remarked. "I do not comprehend how we shall manage this affair."

"Very easily—instantly subjoined Louise—you need not know any thing of my principles. With my private

opinions, whether right or wrong ; as they will be harmless to you and Chretien, you have no concern. You provided for me a number of articles which I deem useless ; and the disposal of them was my own affair." " But—inquired Diganu—suppose I am asked about this matter at confession : what shall I answer ?

" Tell the Priest, his articles were all safe the last time you saw them—added Louise—and say no more. It is enough for you to confess your own sins ; and let me beg you not to assume my transgressions. Besides, you promised not to let it be known, if possible, to the priest, that you had any young woman in your house."

" I suppose then—remarked Diganu—you will not attend confession, do penance, and get absolution from the Priest ?"

" Never—said the weeping girl, with manifest trepidation—I will never go to the confessional unless I am dragged there. The ceremony is a farce and delusion, and it is connected with the greatest wickedness."

Diganu crossed himself, and half shuddered. He was sadly bewildered. This was a direct attack made by a female for whom he felt an indescribable interest, upon all his strongest prejudices. In truth he seriously believed no more of the matter than Louise ; because he had never seriously reflected at all upon the subject. According to his theology, it was a very

comfortable thing to pass away life in a frolic ; to pay the Pretre his various claims at the stated festivals as long as he lived ; and when he died, to give him the number of louis d'ors necessary to put him into Heaven. He had never inquired whether either of these principles or practices was rational or proper or true or religious. The Pretre announced and enjoined it. All his associates believed the certainty and justice of these notions. Thus the Cure promised ; thus he admitted and conformed without scruple ; and a suspicion had never entered his mind, that throughout this whole process, the Pretre might be leading him into the dungeon of eternal despair.

It was a merciful interposition of Divine Providence, that these "*heretical*" sentiments were first uttered in Diganu's hearing, by the only female for whom he had ever felt any true respect or attachment. Yet he could not define the nature of his regard for the mysterious being who, in such extraordinary circumstances, had been placed under his care. There was such an artless sincerity and candor, such undissembled delicacy, such infantile simplicity, and yet such a lady-like demeanor, and such a sisterly confidence in him, ever displayed by Louise in all her actions, that her influence unintentionally became irresistible. Chretien perceived the fact, and rejoiced. It was a counterbalance to the buoyancy of Diganu's gay and sanguine temperament. But when the "*heretical*" propensities of their inmate were decidedly avowed by her ; the friends became wondrously embarrassed.

At that period, the idea of a native Canadian's renunciation of the Roman faith, was not only a novelty, but a monster. From their different sensations in reference to Louise ; Chretien, although kind and affectionate as a brother, was not so easily impressed as Diganu ; and "it is questionable, whether sound policy—as Chretien remarked—if not our mutual safety does not require, that Louise should be persuaded, at least, to attend the Mass."

Several months however had passed away prior to these troublesome discoveries ; and when they were fully made ; the uninformed opinions, with the tender solitudes of the two young men, combined with the steadfast opposition of Louise to the faith and ceremonies to which they professed to adhere, produced in them great vacillation. During that whole period, Diganu's affection assumed a more decisive character ; and having obtained Chretien's approbation, he resolved to terminate all future doubt and alarm, by proposing to her acceptance the matrimonial relation.

The Surgeon whom Chretien had engaged to attend at Lorette, about this time, and prior to the direct proffer of marriage, visited Diganu ; and requested information respecting the young woman to whom he had been called to afford medical aid at the Indian village ; as the squaws had communicated to one of the Pretres, the event which had occurred during the previous winter, and he was directed to ascertain the fate of the unfortunate girl. Diganu evaded the subject by a reference to Chretien.

That evening was devoted to an investigation of the causes of this suspicious research—but as neither Diganu nor Chretien could possibly divine any plausible reason for the Surgeon's mysterious inquiry, after so long an interval had elapsed ; Louise was apprized of the fact.

“Then I am lost—she remarked in agony—the villains will discover me. They will take me from you, and I shall be miserable.”

“No authority upon earth shall separate us—answered Diganu vehemently—if you will put yourself within my power to protect you, by becoming my wife.”

“Wife!—retorted Louise in extreme unfeigned surprise—I have loved you as a sister. Wife!—would you marry misery?—would you marry a friendless, outcast, wretched orphan?” She was so overpowered, that her conflicting emotions only found relief in a gush of tears.

As soon as she was in a measure becalmed, Diganu answered with affectionate sensibility.—“I care not who you are, or what you are. For nearly a year, you have been all to me ; and Chretien knows, that you are the constant blessing of our lives.”

Here Chretien interposed—“When Diganu confided his intention to me, I expressed to him—and here he took their right hands and joined them within his own

—as I now do to you both, my most cordial approbation—and crossing himself, he added—*Sainte Mere de Dieu ! ayez pitie de nous : Holy mother of God, have mercy upon us !*”

Louise blushed; trembled; hesitated; but at length replied—“if no other means can be devised to preserve me from my persecutors and dangers, I will place my future comfort in your hands.”

This preliminary being satisfactorily adjusted; it now became essential to prepare Chretien for the proposed interview with the Surgeon. Louise imparted no additional information. It was her unalterable purpose, never more to return whence she had escaped; and rather than experience this calamity—“if no other mode exists to avert the horrors I anticipate—she said, and her convulsed movements proved them to be no fiction—I would fly to the end of the earth and suffer every possible torture; trusting in the mercy of that God who already has permitted you once to deliver me from going down to the pit, and by whose blessing upon the reading of his word—for she had procured a Bible, although her friends understood not her meaning—I begin to enjoy some hope of his pardoning love.”

It was finally resolved, that her place of abode should be concealed, and all acknowledgment of any present acquaintance with her be eluded, by a reference to the person with whom she stopped after her arrival in Quebec from Lorette. So well contrived had been her

secret departure, that when Diganu and Chretien called to inquire for Louise, the mistress expressed great alarm at her absence, and declared her total ignorance of the time and manner of her disappearance. To that nurse it was agreed therefore, that Chretien should direct the Surgeon ; and it was hoped, that her reply to the call would preclude all future inquiry.

The plot partially succeeded ; for when Diganu and the Surgeon applied to the nurse with whom she had lodged, the woman unhesitatingly affirmed ; " that Louise had escaped in a dark night, that the young men had often made inquiries for her, and that she could never discover any trace of the girl since that day."

But who can fathom the depths of a Jesuit ? Who can comprehend all his artifices, malignity, and wiles ? How can a Roman withstand the usurped supremacy of his Priest ?—A marked difference was manifest in Diganu's character ; he had lost his thoughtless hilarity, and was distinguished for his gravity, attention to business, and indifference to his former associates. This change was imputed by the ordinary citizens to his love of money ; but the crafty Priests suspected some other motive, and instantly resolved to penetrate the secret.

Knowing that these seasons of Canadian festive amusement and of social merriment are the periods when men, and especially youth are most unguarded ; they

hoped, during the Christmas carnival to ensnare him; but Diganu was also on the watch. Louise had been able to communicate to him a very small portion only of evangelical wisdom—yet it had induced him primarily to doubt, then to disbelieve, and finally to reject all the vicious catalogue of papal traditions; although he continued to exhibit an exterior respect for the ceremonial mummary of the Mass.

The Priests speedily marked him as a person “suspected of heretical pravity,” and combined to entrap him. As a tool for their conspiracy, they employed the mercenary Surgeon; and a strict inspection was constantly maintained upon all Diganu’s movements.

On New Year’s day, the two friends resolved to ride to Lorette, and there to retrace the events of the former festival. While absent on their excursion, the Surgeon called, under the pretext of presenting the customary salutation, and saw Louise, without recognising her in the specious disguise, or rather incongruous dress which she always wore to elude the possibility of being identified. But the fact, that there was a servant girl living with Diganu and Chretien impelled additional inquiry, and it was determined by the Priests to pursue the search.

Not long after, the Chaplain of the Hospital Nunnery induced the woman with whom Louise had boarded after her removal from Lorette to Quebec, to enter Diganu’s apartments during his absence; but so

completely altered was Louise by her uncouth and lowly dress and her assumed ignorance and rusticity, that the Nurse knew her not ; and in very peremptory terms reported to her Priest—"there is not the smallest resemblance in any respect between the sweet young Lady who was in my house, and the ugly paysanne whom I saw there."

Louise instantly perceived that the object was merely to ascertain the reality of her residence with her friends ; and thus was induced to consent without further hesitancy, to the nuptial union proposed by Diganu. The Lent had partly elapsed, and the day of the marriage ceremony was fixed about the earliest period allowed by the Romish canons ; for then there was no Protestant Minister in Quebec.

At this juncture, a strange Priest entered the house, and his remarkable appearance not only attracted Diganu's attention, but impressed him with deep fearfulness. He detailed, with all minute exactness, the disappearance of a young novice from the care of the Nuns at Point aux Trembles ; stated, that she had been traced to the Indian village of Lorette ; that it was supposed, she had there been robbed and otherwise ill treated ; that she had subsequently been seen in Quebec ; and that the Surgeon, who had been sent for, to visit her, had affirmed, that Diganu and another young man named Chretien who dwelt together, had been guilty of enticing her away from the protection of the Religieuses ; and that having inflicted upon her

the most atrocious injuries, they had discarded her, and left her to perish, or had secretly murdered their victim.

While, with all menacing indignation, he was vehemently unfolding this dread tale, and intermingling the utmost Jesuitical finesse to insnare Diganu, Chretien entered. They both denied the application of the narrative, in whole and in part. By prior concert, without doubt, the surgeon also appeared; and confirmed that part of the statement, in reference to his being desired by Chretien to visit a young female who was discovered at Lorette wounded, and in a very distressful condition. The surgeon also added—"the only way by which she can be identified, as the Squaws informed me, is by a small cross immediately at the top of her forehead." At the mention of this particular mark, the Pretre fixed upon Diganu one of those withering portentous looks which a Jesuit or a Dominican only can infuse into the human countenance. The attempt was vain; for it excited no alarm; and from conscious innocence, the two friends betrayed not the least emotion.

"Ah!—said the Pretre—I perceive that you are hardened in your iniquity, and hope to escape the censures of the Church, and the arm of Justice; but to let you know that I am acquainted with all your secrets—and he uttered a tremendous oath—remember the cross on thy own head; thou disguised heretic!"—He arose, and without another word, accompanied by the surgeon, instantly departed.

There was a cold-blooded, malignant apathy in the voice and countenance of the Priest, the chilling effects of which, all their efforts to resume fortitude could not repel. The painful sensations which they realized, were forcibly aggravated by Louise, who entered soon after the disappearance of the Priest, and whose features wofully displayed all the anguish which lacerated her soul.

"I am lost—I am lost—at length, she said, in a fearful tone—it is all ended—nothing can save me."

Every attempt to soothe her was vain; and the only thing which in any measure appeared to assure her, was the reiterated promise by Chretien, that death or irresistible lawless violence alone should separate her from Diganu. She requested again to examine the cross to which the Priest adverted, and having beheld it for a moment, she recoiled with terror—"Rely upon it, Diganu—she uttered, apparently almost suffocated—we shall never be united."

Chretien again attempted to appease her heart-rending distress and his friend's agony, with this consolation.—"Fear not—said he—force only shall derange the plans to which you have consented."

Diganu also avowed his unalterable resolution to sacrifice every thing in her defence, provided Louise would confide to him the cause of her sorrows and anxieties. As it had been arranged that they should

be married at Lorette, she promised, on the last night prior to their union, should it occur, to divulge to him—and to Chretien her previous history.

When Chretien went to Lorette to acquaint the Priest of the Indian village of his desired attendance to perform the ceremony, and when Diganu's name was mentioned as the bridegroom; a ghastly expressive leer filled the face of the Priest, which to the youth portended no good to his friends. Upon his return to Quebec, he therefore strongly remonstrated against the place, the time, and the Priest; and dissuaded them from waiting until that day, and much more from proceeding to Lorette, for the solemnization of their nuptials. Louise however determined those points, by remarking—"If we are to be united, the time, place or Priest makes no difference. Such is the intimate connection and secret understanding among them all; that if any deed of darkness, which I have too much reason to dread, is to be performed; I should prefer Lorette to any other spot for the execution of their wicked purposes. To escape out of the Province is impossible. It is therefore of no importance; for if Divine Providence interposes on my behalf, it will be every where; and if I am to be sacrificed, the Lord's will be done."

Her alarm and resignation, the conjunction of which neither Diganu nor Chretien could accurately comprehend, aggravated their disquietude and anxiety; which were not alleviated, by their perceiving, that a strange Priest, with his unknown companion, seemed to be

constantly watching all their motions. Those spies, as they frequently passed the house, especially stopped when near it, and appeared to be prying keenly as if to discover all their concerns and visitors ; and they were also noticed not to cease their scrutiny even after the day had ended.

On the third day prior to the intended marriage, while pursuing their business, Diganu and Chretien fancied, that they had seen in the street, one of the Indian women who had nursed Louise during her sickness at Lorette ; and were strangely agitated at their dinner, when they were informed by Louise, that the Squaw had forced herself unceremoniously into the house ; and notwithstanding every attempt to conceal herself, and to elude recognition ; that the Indian woman had gone away, resolutely maintaining, that she was the very same person who had been found at Lorette, and that she knew her amid all her disguise.

Fatuity itself could not possibly suppose, from the peculiar season, of her rude visit to an unknown dwelling, that this rencontre was either fortuitous or unintentional. Diganu and Chretien both urged Louise to change the place where the ceremony should be performed. She remained inflexible on that point ; assuring them, as she said—"the result will not be altered by any scheme which we can devise or effect ; and I am convinced, when you shall have heard my tale, your opinions and mine will perfectly agree."

The parties met at the close of the last day ; for Louise had expressly stipulated that Chretien should be present ; and to their profound astonishment, she was arrayed in the same dress in which they had first beheld her. Diganu and his friend were deeply affected. The former felt entirely enervated with the weight of his recollections, his fears, and his expectations.

“ You will excuse my clothing—said the timid sobbing girl—it will be my bridal array : and it was the most suitable for me to appear in, while unfolding the causes of our first meeting, with all its pleasing and painful consequences.”

Diganu seated himself by her side. As he took her hand, she leaned her head on his shoulder—“ you must not look at me—she remarked—while I tell you my short but sorrowful history. Our relative situation requires this sacrifice of my feelings in honour and duty to you ; and the care, tenderness, delicacy and affection which you both have ever manifested towards me, encourages this confidence in you. If we are forcibly separated—and a sigh, which escaped from each expressed their mutual anxiety—my tale will teach you to lament your lost companion ; and if we should be united, it will prove, that you may ever confide in the sincerity and faithful attachment of your Louise.”

During the pause which ensued, while Louise was endeavoring to summon fortitude for the detail which her friends were so anxiously expecting, a knock was heard at the door. Chretien answered the call ; and re-

turned with a letter for Diganu. Upon examining the superscription, it developed a female's chirography. Louise had no sooner glanced at the envelope, than she was seized with an involuntary convulsive shuddering. When the fit had partially subsided, she faintly articulated.—“I know that writing and seal. I have seen it once before. It is the harbinger of my misery.” After a long pause, with the profound silence of her two friends, she added,—“but I bless God, that if he permits my tormentors to make me wretched, he has given me grace to resist all their arts to render me criminal.”

Diganu having read the letter, presented it to Chretien for his perusal. During this interval, the former impatiently traversed the room, absorbed in thought; and when his friend restored him the ominous scroll, he motioned his hand that Louise might inspect its mysterious contents. Both were too overpowered to speak. Louise examined the sheet with varying features; and when her first powerful excitement had passed away, she was less agitated than could have been supposed. Her feelings speedily assumed the character of a settled purpose, to submit, with all possible fortitude, to the calamity which in her judgment was clearly inevitable. At length; she thus interrupted the silence. “My sensibilities always told me, Diganu, that you were indulging chimerical hopes respecting our union; and however unaccountable the fact; my affection for you is of a totally different quality, from that which nature dictates to me, I should have felt for Chretien, had circumstances and our mutual inclinations induced

him to have made me a proffer of his hand and heart. But it is now too late to reverse the past ; and not less impossible to change the manifest certainties of the future."

Before Louise commenced her narrative, Chretien proposed to discuss the contents of the letter, and to decide upon its intimations. The sheet was perfectly anonymous ; it unveiled neither place, date nor signature ; and was obviously written with great deliberation. Its contents follow.

To DIGANU.

You are surrounded with dangers. It has been ascertained that you have living with you a young woman called Louise ; and that you are to be married after Easter. She never can be your wife. *Pauvres miserables !* Poor wretches ! You are in a labyrinth, and cannot be extricated. The only mode of escape would be by fleeing from the Province ; but that now is impossible. You are watched by day and by night ; and any attempt to elope would ensure your own death, with that of Louise and your friend Chretien. Not only would you all three be murdered, but no vestige of you would be found, and no inquiry would be made after you. It is impossible to avoid it. You and Louise shall be separated. If you do not present yourselves for the marriage ceremony as proposed, Louise will be taken from your house on that evening by force, and the consequences of attempting to protect her, will be horrible. But remember ; if you

proceed to Lorette to be united ; she will be taken from you at the Altar. Do not offend the Holy Priests. Believe what they tell you. Do just as they say ; and all will yet be well."

"Stop! Chretien—said Louise hastily—let me think for a moment." After a pause. she thus continued—"those are the very words which were in the letter that I received in the same hand-writing. There must be some wonderful mystery in this matter."

Chretien proceeded to read—"It is of no use to resist. You will thereby only injure yourself, increase sorrow for Louise, and involve your friend in distress. Louise has offended the Church. She is strongly suspected to be a heretic. Some time ago, she was excommunicated. She will have to undergo very deep penance, before she will be restored to the bosom of our holy Mother."

Louise could not restrain her Christian indignation. "All the plagues pronounced in the eighteenth chapter of the Revelation be upon your holy Mother!—she proclaimed with great energy—thanks be unto God, I despise your excommunications ; and as for your deceitful penance, I would rather brave the martyr's fire, than join in your abominations and idolatry."

"Not so fast—interposed Chretien—how can you, an inexperienced solitary girl set up your judgment against the infallibility of the Roman Church and his holiness the Pope?"

“Nonsense!—retorted Louise—they are infallible in nothing but impiety and wickedness. Pardon my interruption; this is no time for religious discussion; but I could not repress the sudden excitement of my contemptuous feelings, for such a base effort to outrage my christian principles, and disgrace my personal character.”

Chretien pursued his reading.—“You also are beginning to be suspected of heresy, because you have encouraged her. She has great sins to atone for in disobeying the Priests. She has lost the benefit of the cross on her forehead by departing from the Church. Take care; for by receiving her opinions, you will blot out the cross on your own head, and thus rush into misery. You know that if we do not do as the Priests order us, we shall not have their pardon and unction when we die, nor shall we obtain the comfort of their masses in another world. Be upon your guard. Give up Louise at once, peaceably. Take care of yourself. Keep away from heretics. Harken to the Priests; and then you will be happy.

* * * *

This reference to the crosses imprinted upon Louise and Diganu, rendered the information conveyed by their anonymous correspondent more alarming—because it assuredly implied an acquaintance with Louise and Diganu and their prior life, of the very early parts of which they themselves were altogether ignorant. The only particular which either Diganu or Louise had ever explained to each other, was in reference to

the expression of Louise, when the proposal of marriage was so abruptly but formally made; and when she described herself as a "wretched orphan." On a subsequent occasion, Diganu remarked—"this can be no objection. I am an orphan too; and never knew what the intercourse or feelings of friendship and affection were, except with you and Chretien."

When he had concluded the letter, Chretien remarked—"We cannot live long in this state of alarm and uncertainty; but the alternatives seem so dreadful, that of the three, I am inclined to adopt the plan of self-defence: to delay your marriage for a short period, to provide a safe-guard, and to keep as much in the house as possible."

Diganu observed—"This plan is impracticable. Duty often calls me from home; you are generally away during the hours of business; in whom could we confide?" "Nobody—answered Chretien—but what do you think of an application to the Governor?" "The Governor?—exclaimed Louise—he would not dare to do any thing in reference to the matter, except as the Bishop and the Priests direct. Besides the continual alarms and fears would be more afflictive than the reality. One is sudden calamity; the other would be never ending bitterness, with additional danger in the end, for no advantage."

Chretien however was dissatisfied, and again inquired—"Is there not one person to be trusted?" "I believe not—replied Diganu—who bears a higher charac-

ter for honor, than the Doctor? and yet circumstances convince me, that he has been the main-spring of this treacherous plot against us. Besides, could I even trust in your fidelity, Chretien, if the Pretre ordered you to betray us." ✕

The question was apropos. His unreserved subjection to a Jesuit; the endeared claims of friendship from childhood; and the sacred obligations of honor and duty, all were here at once arrayed together in direct collision. Louise half-smiled in her tears, as she contemplated the internal conflict which agitated Chretien.

With great embarrassment, after a long pause, he replied—"You know, Diganu, I could not disobey the Priest without risking the salvation of my soul."

"Eh bien! very well—rejoined Diganu—We are bound together by worldly interest; by long confidential familiarity; by domestic residence; and by almost brotherly ties—and yet if that Pretre who was here before, came and demanded Louise during my absence, you would give her into his power; or if he now entered with some ruffians to seize her by force, instead of resisting him and defending me, you would unite with him at his command to rob me of my greatest earthly comfort."

"No, no, indeed! answered his astounded friend, startled at this picture of treachery and priestly despotism—I could not betray and desert you."

"Ah, my friend!—remarked Louise, very tenderly— you know not yourself. Much as I respect your principles and spirit; I know your frailty in this point. You would not consider yourself in that case as perfidious or cruel. It would be a mere fulfilment of a duty consecrated by your fancied religion in its most authoritative claims. I cannot trust you. It would certainly destroy Diganu, and only endanger yourself."

Chretien appeared to be vexed at her suspicions and want of confidence—"be not displeased—she subjoined, kindly offering him her hand—I judge from myself. Three years since, I should as readily have obeyed a Priest's command in every thing, as I should now obstinately refuse to comply with it."

"Louise is correct—remarked Diganu—twelve months ago, I am certain that there is no action however wicked, which could have been committed without the certainty of an ignominious punishment by law; that I should not have performed, if the Pretre had enjoined it. I should have risked any thing to fulfil his orders, confident that he was able to save me from all trouble."

In this declaration, Chretien acquiesced; and Louise therefore speedily convinced them, that it was preferable for one to suffer than all; that her condition at the worst could not be more afflictive and perilous, than when they first saw her; that it would only aggravate her sorrows to know, that her beloved friends were also

exposed to the Priest's ruthless spite ; that it was far more safe to terminate their perplexities without delay ; that if their fears were unauthorised, their future comfort would only be increased after their disquietudes had vanished ; and that therefore to Lorette they would proceed in the morning as already arranged.

The interruption occasioned by the letter, and the subsequent conversation had partially strengthened Louise for her promised engagement. From the final acquiescence of her friends in her decision, she had felt encouraged ; and silently casting all her cares upon God who careth for those who trust in him, and mentally invoking his grace and protection ; she once more composed herself by the side of Diganu to narrate her former experience.

NARRATIVE BY LOUISE.

At last, while bitter tears I shed,
To heaven I raised my prayer,
And found, when earthly joys are fled,
There still is comfort there.

"I am totally ignorant—Louise stated—of my parents, my birth-place, and my age. I was never addressed except as Louise; and never permitted to assume any name but Louise M. My earliest recollection is connected with Point aux Trembles. I remember a farmer's wife with whom I lived; and also a Nun, who often came to the house, and engaged my childish attachment, by giving me trinkets and sweetmeats. I was early taught to read, write, and sew, by this Nun; and continued there, after my first impressions, about four years, when I was sent to the Ursuline Nunnery at Quebec, and was duly instructed in every art which is there used. My old friend the Nun I saw very frequently; but as I grew up, she appeared to feel little or no interest in me. I made tolerable proficiency, and was declared rather tall and womanish for my age, which was never communicated to me. I consider myself, however, to be about twenty years old, but I cannot speak with precision.

"It is now nearly five years ago, that I was removed

back to Point aux Trembles, and was employed for two years in a variety of offices about that establishment of the Religieuses. During this period, my mind was in constant training by the Nuns and the Pretres. The whole course of the ceremonies, and all the exact routine of the forms of the Missal, I attended with the most scrupulous regularity, and the least known deviation would have made me wretched. To the authority of the holy church, and to the lofty character and god-like power of the Priests to command, pardon, save and curse the people here and forever, I bowed down with the most implicit belief, and with the completest submission; and with a full persuasion that in complying with the Pretre's wishes, I was fulfilling the law of God. Hints were often give me, that I must become a nun; and all the superior virtue and wonderful sanctity of that mode of life were constantly set before me in the most enchanting colors. The third year of my residence had nearly elapsed; and it was proposed, that the next year should be devoted by me to all those pursuits which would enable me to enter upon my Noviciate, and speedily to attain the honors, as they impiously term it, of the "*angelic*" life. It was at this crisis, that the change in my little affairs occurred which has been so externally afflictive, and so consolatory in heart.

"At a short distance from the convent, resided an old decrepid woman who had migrated from Guernsey. She was little known; and her age, and infirmities and isolated condition excused her from much intercourse

with the neighboring people. I was often sent to visit her, to inquire into her condition, and to carry her trifling articles of clothing and food. She gradually declined; and it was clearly perceptible, that her decease was not very distant. On one occasion when we were alone—"Ma chere, my dear! said Marguerite—I hear bad news concerning you."

"What do you mean!" was my reply.

"I am told—she continued—that you are going into the nunnery, after a little while; and I am sorry for it."

"Why?—I asked—They say that a Nun passes the most holy, peaceful and heavenly life possible."

"Ah! ma chere, my dear—she uttered with much feeling—vous vous etes meprise, you are intirely mistaken. It is the most miserable, and the most guilty life in the world."

"How can that be?—I inquired—What do you know of Convents?"

"I was born in France—she replied—I have seen much of the world; and if you will not tell my history to any person until after I am buried, you shall hear something which Marguerite has seen."

The promise was made. "I was formerly and for many years—the old woman informed me—a menial

servant about a convent in France, and the evils which were practised within its walls exceed all belief. At last, I began to consider whether it was possible for a religion to be true and from God, which allowed such wicked doings. Ah! ces Pretres Jesuites—said the emaciated Christian, with all the energy which she was capable to exert—s'il y a un Diable sur la terre, ceux-ci le sont. Ah! those Jesuit priests; if there is a devil upon earth, they are he."

"I contrived to leave Normandy, and cross over to Guernsey; and there I resided, until I came to this country. I have been among the same people in Canada. They are all alike, not quite so bad here, because they are more scattered, among fewer people, easier noticed, and a little afraid of the Protestant Government.

"My prejudices—remarked Louise—as you may well suppose, were all excited; and in my heart, I wished the old widow every possible curse. She saw my opinions in my wrathful countenance, and allayed my anger by her remarks—"You dislike to hear these things now—said Marguerite—so did I once. I had been taught by my Mother, that the Priest was in God's place; that the Pope had the command of Heaven, Earth, and Hell; and that the Abbess, the Cures, and the Pretres must be feared and obeyed in every thing, or we should be miserable in this world and in the next. Thus I grew up to maturity, as docile, and as submissive to the Priest as my neighbors; and like them, not

less self-willed and disobedient towards God. When I became a young woman; I went into the service of a gentleman who never went to Mass, or Confession. He was a rich man; and the Priest allowed him a constant dispensation for disobeying all the laws of the Church for a good sum of money, which was paid every year. I have often heard him tell among his friends when they visited him, in what way the Priests maintained their power and hood-winked the people. It is almost all done at Confession, and through the women. Children are taught from their infancy, that all persons out of the Church will be accursed. The boys are retained in bondage, by ignorance, or fear, or interest, or their connections, or indifference, or corruption and participation in crime; for as they can buy absolution for all sins, they can practise every vice, and by a little money, or by serving the Priests, they can blot out all the account against them.

“But even all these schemes would not complete the design, without the aid of the women. They are therefore trained with all care into passive obedience and non-resistance to the Priest. They are made to believe; that every thing is true which he says, and that every thing is proper which he desires. This dreadfully wicked doctrine is sanctioned by the assurance, that he can pardon every sin; and that without his good-will, no person will go to Heaven. Under this influence, the women are all entangled. The Priest, by confession, discovers all their inclinations and thoughts. He then holds the rod over them to force them to his own un-

godly purposes. Ah! ma chere, prenez garde; my dear, take care. Watch around you. Look at every thing. Do not be afraid to examine for yourself. Above all things, never become a nun. In my country, the Pretres could tell some wonderful stories about the convents; and unless I am mistaken; many a dismal, wicked, and bloody history would be found out in Canada; if all the Priests were not in a league to help each other, and keep their mutual secrets. They first make the women sinners, and then so frighten them, that they dare not expose their scandalous practices. Once, a modest young woman used to come here, who went into a Nunnery by the order of two Priests, after she had a child by each of them. What is become of them, I never could hear; but the last time I saw her, she was one of the worst and most impudent creatures, I ever heard talk."

"At this part of Marguerite's narrative—said Louise; my attention was deeply arrested; for I fancied, that I could perceive a resemblance in this trait, between the Nun who so many years before had been so kind to me, and her demeanor at our last interview.

"The feeble Christian woman continued—"I left the Roman Church in Guernsey—as I have always been ailing; and nobody cared much about me, I have contrived to live here without being discovered and persecuted. Ma chere! my dear, how old are you?"

"To this question—remarked Louise—I could only answer—"I have never heard, I cannot tell."

"Then it is as I have long suspected—added Marguerite—*mais n'importe*, no matter. You are just now at the right age, and hold the very fittest sentiments to be the subject for a Priest's stratagem. Hearken to a dying woman who can have no interest in deceiving you; I may not have strength or another opportunity to give you my advice. When a Priest offers to violate your modesty, whether by force, or by enticement, or by his pretended priestly authority, or by Jesuitical finesse; attempting to persuade you that vice is virtue, or to palliate sin under the pretext of his power to absolve you, and his ability to render you as pure, as if you had never known defilement; listen not to him even for a moment. Bear all privations; and submit to every torture, rather than voluntarily yield to his seductive wiles or his menacing intimidations."

"I was so shocked at these insinuations—Louise remarked—that I could scarcely believe my ears, or admit that the old widow had not wandered out of her senses into a delirium. When I had recovered from my surprise and confusion: I asked her tremulously, "is it possible such things can be true?"

"As true—Marguerite replied—as that I am upon the very verge of eternity; and from very indistinct recollections of past things, which you have brought afresh to my mind; if you are not the daughter of a Priest and a Nun, then I am much deceived."

"This operated upon me—said Louise—like a

charm ; and I endeavored to discover the secrets connected with my infancy ; but my effort was vain. The old woman either knew nothing certain upon the subject ; or she thought it preferable not, from suspicion only, to expose me to jeopardy and trouble."

Having repeated her advice and warning to me in a most impressive manner, and again exacted my solemn promise to retain her secret—"I would give you, my dear !—subjoined Marguerite—my bible ; but now it will do you no good. You could not read and keep it. It has long been my only comfort, as it first also taught me the way of piety and peace. I shall leave it to the orphan child whom I have adopted, with all my other trifles. If the Cure steals and burns the blessed book, his shall be the sin. I thank God, that I was enabled to place the boy in comfort in Quebec, where the Priests will never have any power over him. When you have experienced, as I foresee you will, the fulfilment of my worst suspicions ; and when you think of your present religion as I now do ; if you can—and her heart-melting tones, with her affecting, pathetic and tender looks will never be forgotten—procure a New Testament. O read it ! O pray for wisdom from God to understand it ! and you will do as I have long ago done. You will burn the crucifix, the images, the rosary and the missal, with all the other deceitful relics of idolatry ; and then prepare for sorrow and persecution. But stand fast in your purity—grasping my hand with all her strength—and God will deliver you !"

"I listened to Marguerite—said Louise—with great interest. Her emaciated appearance, and the deep toned pathos and solemnity with which she thus unveiled her true character; the causes of the change wrought in her principles and conduct; the personal application of subjects to myself of which I never before had formed a distinct idea; the appalling precipice on which she represented me as standing, ready to plunge into the abyss of irrecoverable degradation and crime; the new light in which all that I had deemed sacred was presented to me, as arrayed in the most depraved and most loathsome deformity; and her prophetic cautions and intimations produced a complicated thoughtfulness and tremor, which I had never before realised.

"As some other visitor approached; she took my hand again; once more received my double promise to retain her secret, and watch for my own security; and there our intercourse ended.

"During the remaining days of her mortal existence no opportunity occurred to exchange more than the speaking features and our united hands could communicate, but it appeared to console her. The little that she uttered was in very cautious language; that her true religious opinions might not expose her to vexation while living, and her mortal remains to insult after her spirit had winged its flight to Paradise. I thought even then, that her expressions differed from our common phrases; but blind as I was, like all the people there, I did not comprehend her true meaning; now I think I understand what she intended. When she spoke of repent-

ance towards God; I supposed she had done all needful penance. She talked of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, as the rock of her hopes; and we naturally but very stupidly applied it to the Pope, and Peter, and the Virgin Mary. When she mentioned the comfort that she felt in knowing that her "transgressions were forgiven, and that her sin was covered;" we of course interpreted it of the Pretre's plenary absolution. She told us of "seeing Jesus;" and we fancied that she was looking at the crucifix!—Ah! my friends; how blind we are, who are thus brought up under Roman Priests! well may we always pray: "O Lord, turn us from darkness to light; open our eyes that we may behold wondrous things out of thy law!"

"Providentially for Marguerite, the Cure was absent during the last days of her existence; and only returned in time to administer his extreme unction; when the dying believer was totally unconscious of all things external. About the end of his soul-deceiving ceremony, she breathed no more.

"After her interment; her Bible was found; and well do I recollect the fury which it produced. The Cure raged like a madman; and his silly followers all vented their noisy execrations. Marguerite's hypocrisy and heresy, with the lamentations of her neighbors for their kindness and attentions to the helpless and dying heretic, were permanent themes of discussion, until time alone allayed the storm. I was frequently questioned about her Bible by the Priest and Nuns: but I

pleaded perfect ignorance of the matter, and denied that I had ever seen it, which was true. It was finally concluded, that what a Jesuit, with all his eagle-eyed and sleepless perspicacity, and Nuns, with all their exquisite cunning craftiness, could not discover, would not be discerned by an unsuspecting girl, who had never heard of la sainte Bible, or le nouveau Testament; the holy Bible or the New Testament. "Female curiosity powerfully impelled me; and I began to feel a restless uneasiness, from the novel subjects which Marguerite had presented to my contemplation. My time was partly appropriated to visits among the different Nuns in Quebec; that I might become fully initiated in all the routine which would devolve upon me, when I was placed upon my Noviciate. The scenes which I witnessed certainly would have attracted little or no observation, had my mind not been directed to watchfulness, and had not a clue been given to me to interpret them; but those scenes gradually corroborated the views of a convent's interior, which the widow had presented to me in her repulsive picture of the turpitude of Nunneries. Being considered as completely within their power; I soon was admitted to the more hidden proceedings of these secret recesses of human life.

"As my intercourse became more familiar, and the reserve of novel acquaintance gradually disappeared; my convictions of the truth of Marguerite's statement became not only more definite, but stronger, and more abiding. The stately prudishness exhibited before

strangers was strikingly contrasted with the unseemly and indecorous levity in their unobserved and private pursuits; and the sly, leering, licentious Jesuit, when conversing with a Nun alone, or with the two Consoiated sisters who occupied the same apartment, was a very different individual from the gloomy and motionless featured Pretre in the streets, and at the altar.

“This metamorphosis, which in many instances I should have thought impossible, first excited my suspicions. Watchfulness, as the dying woman had premonished me, soon produced incredulity. In the sanctified exterior of the Pretres; I perceived nought but hypocritical assumptions. This naturally led to doubts respecting the boasted super-excellence, not only of the actors, but of their system of priestcraft. Still I believed all their doctrines as far as I knew them, and tacitly admitted all their claims. Amid the gorgeousness of their ceremonial, and the consequent intoxication of the senses, I generally forgot all the contradictory realities, which I saw enacted behind the curtain, where the mask was discarded.

“Several months of the year revolved in this manner; the greater portion of which I can only describe, under the similitude of a person in a reverie faintly conscious of the passing exterior scenes, but chiefly absorbed in his own mental abstractions.

“Thus I was increasingly impressed with the accuracy of Marguerite’s views; yet I could not have cited

even one single fact distinctly to justify my inferences. The circumstances which attracted my notice were doubtless enacted before me as a decoy. They were disguised under such endearing names, and so extenuated, and pruned of their offensive luxuriance, that often I condemned my harsh suspicions, which flowed from innate feelings of propriety, and the spontaneous dictates of natural conscience.

“I was providentially extricated from this vacillation of mind on a ride from Quebec into the country. The Nuns directed me to reside for a short period, under the pretence of purer air, near Jacques Cartier. A female companion attended me, whom in vain I attempted to identify. Her voice was the only character of which I could retrace any memorial; but as that is so deceptive a criterion of judgment, I quickly decided that my fellow traveller was a stranger. After much ordinary chit-chat, the Nun, for I am now convinced that she was one of them, although so disguised as to be unknown, asked me some questions respecting my ideas of a conventual life, my age, my predilections, and my views of the future. I replied as cautiously and indecisively as I possibly could. The siren pretended to express her delight at my good sense, bashfulness, and prudence; and kissed me in approbation of my opinions.

“After a short period, she artfully introduced again my wishes about the Nunnery; and by way of argument, as she said, she would state the objections usually advanced by the Heretics to a convent, and a refuta-

tion of them. When she recapitulated all my own ideas upon the subject, I was surprised ; but her answers were extremely weak and frivolous. She however triumphed in the ingenuity of her replies, and the greatness of her superiority to the opponents of a monastic life ; and having doubtless presumed that her preliminary object was effected ; she asked me—"how old are you, Louise ?"

" I know not—was my reply—nor can any person tell me, that I ever yet saw."

" Let me look at you—she rejoined ; and turning back my hair as if she would view my physiognomy—O ho ! what have we here !—and she kissed the cross on my forehead—this is a beautiful mark, and proves you to be a true daughter of our Holy Mother, the church."

" I know not—was my answer—who imprinted that cross, nor the object for which it was placed there."

" A token of love, child, no doubt—was her rejoinder ; casting upon me a most expressive, but disgusting look, which made me blush, for I was filled with shame—and you may be proud to wear it. But what makes you blush so ? were you ever in love ?"

" I returned a negative to this question ; with which she expressed her satisfaction, cautioning me against

the admission of any unholy predilection for wicked men, as inconsistent with the vows of the sisterhood. She then began a long eulogy upon the happiness of residing in a Convent; where persons might enjoy every pleasure of life without restraint, unapproached, and exempt from the fear of discovery.

"She managed this most difficult part of her undertaking with great address. Her eyes were fixed upon me with very intense scrutiny. She analyzed my feelings with the utmost accuracy, from the involuntary movements of my countenance. She advanced, retreated, moved around, was softened or emboldened, just as she perceived most effectual. Her serpentine wiles and cautious approaches finally convinced me, that this was only the prelude to the serious drama, in which I was doomed soon to be a chief character; and my promise to the dying Marguerite recurred in all its sanctity and efficacy. The consequent composure depicted on my countenance completely deceived that female seducer; for she mistook the calmness of shielded purity, for the tame yielding of corrupted virtue. Enough was unfolded during that ride to convince me, that without the impediments to which the old French woman alluded, and even with them, Monasteries are the earthly vestibule to the fearful abodes of guilt and eternal despair. From that time, my resolution was fixed, that I would never commence the proposed Noviciate

"Three days did the artful creature remain with me

at a house, the inmates of which were more repulsive than my heated imagination had depicted; from the dislike which I had imbibed, notwithstanding her flattering delineations. There I first saw what had never before existed in my fancy. Then I truly felt the reality of Marguerite's aversion to a pretended religion, of which such human monsters were the accredited disciples and teachers.

“After a short period, a Pretre entered the scene; and unless my anticipations are perfectly fallacious, we shall see him to-morrow at Lorette—the same wretch who on the other day denounced you. I could not see his person; but the tones of his voice are too strongly engraven upon my memory ever to be erased. At the house whither I was sent, were two females, adepts in every species of vice. All their artifices were directed to undermine my innate resistance to their assaults upon my principles. Their shameless examples were added to their other efforts. When they were alone with me and the Priest, every attempt was made to induce me to join in their disgusting familiarities with him. Invariably did I refuse, and although it was impossible to hinder or to escape from the Pretre's impudent blandishments, yet the solemn purposes of my soul became continually more stern.

“The arguments which the Priest and his associates used to extirpate my delicacy, only served to refine and strengthen it; and I easily adopted Marguerite's conclusion, that a religion which permitted and justified

such flagrant violations of all that is pure and conscientious ; which can suborn agents to seduce innocence, and insnare the weak ; which sanctifies vice, degrades virtue, and confounds all moral distinctions, was incurably corrupt. Not that I had any right to infer from the conduct of a few, that the whole body were transgressors ; but as I became gradually more initiated into their secret mysteries, I perceived that which was good disappear, and that which was only evil, to sway the sceptre.

“ Having been thus instructed in my first lesson ; at the end of a month, I was sent to Quebec, to learn some additional rules in this *hopeful* science. What I saw and heard ; and what it was intended I should believe, and when called upon practise, must remain a secret. One thing rather astonished, but yet pleased me ; neither the Superior nor the Religieuses ever adverted to the topic of my Noviciate. During this period the life of a Nun was gilded over in its most beauteous array ; and I should most certainly have been insnared, had I not been influenced by Marguerite’s dying communication. That enabled me to pierce behind the gaudy attractive scenes ; and in the familiarity of all that confidence which two of them dared to exhibit, I beheld the corroding worm which devoured all their usefulness and peace.

“ I was designedly admitted to the retired hours and occupations of most of the Nuns. Some were fastidiously reserved ; others acted their part throughout ;

some privately displayed their genuine tempers ; but two only candidly unveiled those living tombs of goodness and virtue, and those dread sepulchral abodes of hypocrisy and pollution. I perceived, that a monastic life is a complete masquerade, in which all the characters are either devotees of vice, or skeletons of misery ; but all without dignity, or goodness, or comfort ; where all the glories of which they boast are entirely unknown.

“ At the commencement of the last month of my probationary year ; about twenty days before I first saw you ; I was again remanded to the country. Who was my companion on that occasion I know not ; if she was the same woman as on the former journey, then there is no exterior appearance which she could not conceal or counterfeit.

“ We started from Quebec, to my utter surprise and dread, in the afternoon, in a large covered carriage. Which way we travelled, where we stopped, or at what hour of the night we arrived, I can form no idea. Some time after dark, a Pretre entered the carriage as if travelling the same road ; and the conversation soon assumed a most repulsive character. I presently complained of fatigue, and composed myself as if for sleep, anxious to unravel their plot. Nothing occurred to attract my notice, until after the female had examined me ; and ascertained, as she concluded, that I was asleep. Curiosity alone kept me quiet, while I heard

them explain the whole mystery ; for the closing scene was now to be enacted.

“ It appeared, that this was the identical Pretre with whom I had been so disgusted at Jacques Cartiers ; that we were then going to his house ; that I was to be introduced under some fictitious character, if I could not be altogether concealed ; and that of course, I was to be the slave of his will, until the time appointed for the commencement of my Noviciate, when I was to be transferred, like others who had passed through the same guilty path, to the convent ; and as it would be useless afterwards to complain, the life of a Nun would be preferred by me, as by their former victims, to their malevolence and persecution. The most shocking part of all this infamous arrangement was this ; that the Pretre’s atrocious purpose, in case of necessity, was to be accomplished by every extremity of violence. We eventually arrived at a spot where the Priest left us ; and after some distance, we alighted at a house, and there passed the remainder of the night.

“ On the following day, after a considerable ride, my female companion and myself entered a church, and upon a signal being given to her, we proceeded to the sacristy, which was immediately fastened from without ; and by a private, if not generally unknown avenue, we passed into the Priest’s habitation. When I saw him, remembering their conversation of the night before, and reflected upon Marguerite, and her strange prediction ; my heart sunk within me, and I was ready

to surrender all hope. But when I was in the room where they ordered me to disrobe, I endeavored to pray unto God, through Jesus Christ, in words of my own. It was the first time I had ever done so; and I was supported. Marguerite's last words rushed into my mind—"stand fast in your purity, and God will deliver you"—and I resolved, through Divine assistance, to abide every trial, rather than thus to be sacrificed by those panders of iniquity. The odious hag remained about four days. All that ingenuity could devise was attempted, to induce my compliance with the Pretre's desire. When coaxing failed, every menace which revenge, authority and disappointment could denounce, was not less ineffectually applied. She finally left me completely in the power of a monster, of whose nefarious designs, unawares to them, I had become fully apprized.

"Several days he tormented me with his wicked proposals and forced caresses. He adduced all the varied deceptions which Marguerite had detailed. He boasted of the authority of his Church, the blessedness of his absolution, the comfort of enjoying a Priest's favor, and the satisfaction of a Nun's life, with its glorious reward. His blasphemy repelled me as much as his obscenity. My reply was short, but peremptory—"I will never consent to your base design."

"On the eighth day after the woman who conducted me had left us, a letter was delivered to me, written by the same person who has addressed you this evening.

The substance of it, as you may easily suppose, was to persuade me to submit to the Priest's wishes; for he would have his way, and longer resistance would only make it the more painful for me. It was closed in the very same words—"Do not offend the Priests. Believe what they tell you. Do just as they say; and all will yet be well." During two or three following days he desisted from his importunities, but he still distressed and insulted me with his pretended endearments. He was allowing me not only an opportunity to consider the contents of the letter, but also to be assured from the testimony of my eyes and ears, according to Marguerite's debasing account that young women and those of our sex who possess any influence in society are often merely unconscious instruments to execute the Cure's designs. The females doubtless supposed, that they and the Pretre were concealed from all human observation; yet the grossest acts of dissoluteness were performed, where I could not but understand them, expressly to influence my mind to yield to the impression, that as these private matters could not be suspected, and much less known to the world, they produced no disgrace, and therefore, that it was folly, and useless for me, not to conform to what was obviously general and established usage.

"Four or five days before you found me, the Pretre was visited by some of the Habitans, to whom he communicated, that on the following Sunday, immediately after Mass, he should go to Quebec on business of importance to the Church; that he should not return until

the day before the festival, and that he should leave a woman named Guise, to take care of his house. From that time until the following Saturday, I suffered every variety of anguish. His conduct was indescribable. By crafty allurements at one time, by the most intimidating threats at another, by urging the duty of obedience to his priestly authority, and by reminding me of the scenes and examples which my situation had compelled me to witness: sometimes insulting me with his indecent familiarities; and at other times, almost proceeding to the brutal violence of superior force—so that upon one occasion, had I not been endowed with unusual energy to resist his assault, he would have consummated his horrid purpose. I had no rest by day, and was afraid to sleep by night, as the ruffian was always on the watch to take advantage of any moment, when I was unprepared to repel his atrocious attempts.

He had appointed the Saturday evening for his tool to arrive, that he might direct her how to act during his absence. When she appeared, my whole soul abhorred her sensual, witch-like countenance. She was well tutored for the task. I was represented to be a girl out of her mind; who had been sent to him by a family relative, to provide an asylum for me in Quebec, and that was the reason of his journey. He also stated, that I was perfectly, inoffensive and peaceable; and only commanded her carefully to watch me. The minions of his wickedness pleaded that she could not stay in the house alone. "I shall be scared out of my wits too—said Guise—your reverence must let me go

away at night. I will take care that the poor girl shall do no harm."

"This produced a long altercation, but the Pretre finally was obliged to consent. He supposed that I was ignorant of this arrangement; and prestuming upon his power over me, and the safety of the dungeon in which I was immured, for the only window in the room was effectually barred without, so as to preclude all escape; he perceived no other mode to retain his prisoner, than by complying with Guise's obstinacy. To have confided the secret of my presence even to his Sacristan, was fraught with the greatest risk; as many of the Seigniors, although they nominally adhere to the church, are known secretly to despise their ceremonies, and to abhor the priests; and through a man's unwillingness to aid in the infliction of unalterable misery upon a young woman, which might be communicated to the Seignior, the Sacristan could not be trusted. He contrived to despatch the woman away, under some pretext, in the evening, and then disclosed all his base design. He was going to Quebec; and while there, he should arrange the plan for my removal to the Nunnery speedily after the holidays. "I shall return next Tuesday—said the Pretre—and remember—uttering a most dreadful execration, with a petrifying look of malignant sensuality, which even now fills me with horror—even if you die, that night you shall be mine."

"Never—I angrily replied—upon no pretext, through

no artifice, by no force, will I yield myself to your desires."

"He merely added—" *Nous verrons, we shall see*"—and left me. The loathed Guise was my companion for the night.

"In my dreaming drowsiness, as well as when I was fully awake, my head was filled with manœuvres and contrivances. My roving imagination pondered upon every variety of stratagem, by which I might avoid the calamity that impended over me. My aversion to the Nunnery became an additional incentive; and I resolved never again to enter that polluted woful region, unless by force. I frequently was startled in the night to rational recollection, from the strong excitement of my mind; but I could retrace nothing, except an indistinct comfortable feeling, which encouraged a hope of yet eluding the Pretre's grasp.

"This expectation, however, was quelled, when in the morning I discovered, that every article of my clothing had disappeared except my house dress. Consequently, even if it were possible to fly, the coldness of the weather would speedily terminate my sorrows; and I shuddered at the idea of freezing to death. While the Priest and his imp were at mass, I made a discovery which became the main-spring of my elopement. Guise had arrived the night before in her usual common clothes, having brought her extra Sunday apparel. The same bonnet and cloak which you found with

this shawl and the moccasins, were laid aside, no doubt, to be resumed on Monday. As soon as mass was finished, the Pretre departed. I heard him direct Guise to take care, when she left the house in the evening, not to go away very early, to leave no candle, and to be careful that the outside door, and the door leading to the sacristy, and especially the entrance to the stair case, were all safely locked and bolted; so that my dungeon should be secure. As he went out of the room to his carriole, he cast his gloating eyes upon me, and having said—"Au revoir"—to my inexpressible delight, the Jesuit and one of his young dependants drove off, and soon disappeared.

"I had hoped to have made use of the woman in some mode to aid my design; but she was not less intractable towards me, than obstinate with the Priest. When I spoke to her, she would look at me with disdain—"Pauvre miserable, poor wretch"—this was her sole reply. I attempted to soften her by kind and flattering language, but all was ineffectual. She muttered to herself in soliloquy; avowing her unwillingness to stay after dark; her wish to have a man in the house; and a number of other similar complaints. When she paused; I would interpose and declare; "You must not go away. You must not leave me. If any persons come to the house, I will go out to them—I will not stop here by myself."

"To comfort and deceive me, as she thought, she would reply—"I will stay with you. I will lock all the doors early at night. We will take a long sleep."

"I perceived her artifice, but it fully answered my purpose. Several persons came to the Priest's house in the afternoon. I was thrust into my own apartment; but as Guise suspected that I should be listening, she avowed her intention of staying all night, and also of procuring some woman of the neighborhood to keep her company. After some of her visitors had retired, I heard her move towards my door. I pretended to be asleep, as she came into the room. Convinced that I was insensible to their conversation, upon her return to her companions, I heard her promise a man to accompany him to a great dance, which was to be held that evening about three miles distant. He engaged to bring his carriage at eight o'clock, and drive her back by day-light.

"When all her associates had left her; Guise began to make her preparations for the night. She filled the fire-place with wood; and arranged every little convenience, in case, as she said, I should want any thing in the night. I was delighted to find that the bread was not removed out of the sitting room; and that she seemed to have forgotten her common dress. You must remember that the Sunday afternoon was stormy; and this furnished Guise with an excuse for retiring to rest at an early hour. The bells of the passing carriages, I suppose, were the signal by which she proposed that we should lay down for the night. She had disposed a pallet for herself in the exterior room; and when I had noticed the exact place of the various articles, I partially disrobed, and apparently resigned myself to sleep. After a short period, suppo-

sing me to be unconscious of her plans ; she cautiously lighted the candle, and approaching my bed, as she perceived no symptoms of waketulness—"Pauvre miserable ! poor wretch !"—said the callous miscreant, for now I have no doubt that she was privy to the whole conspiracy ; and then began to array herself for the frolic. By the reflection of the light, I soon ascertained, that her meaner apparel was still where she first had laid it, and that she was ready to depart. She did not wait long before a slight knock at the door intimated the arrival of her partner. She then filled the stove, secured it from danger, surveyed all the doors, once more examined me, and then withdrew, locking me in, to darkness, silence, and solitude. Surely nothing but Divine goodness and mercy, and the hope that my plan to escape would succeed, supported me at that fearful moment. My heart sunk down like lead within me, when I heard the external door closed, and the carriage driven away ; thus leaving me, as it were, interred alive in that above-ground sepulchre. I hastily arose, commended myself to God's protection in broken, but sincere and earnest prayer ; and felt inspired with the resolution to seize the opportunity of escape, and risk all consequences ; as I conceived, that no possible evil could befall me, worse than the calamity with which the Jesuit threatened me.

"The carriages continued to pass for awhile ; after which a tiresome, appalling dreariness almost benumbed my faculties, and made me hesitate respecting the fulfilment of my intention. Amid the stillness of

the night, and the exercises of impatient alarm, it is impossible to calculate the progress of time. Its first sensible lapse that I realized, was in the feeling of chilliness, for the fire had gradually subsided, and it was necessary to increase the heat. This stimulated my nerves, and I began to recover fortitude for the dangerous effort. The window of the sitting-room was not secured by a grate, and by it, I hoped to escape.

“The scene without was not only sombre, but terrific. The moon had set for some time, and I therefore knew that it must be considerably past midnight. The wind was sufficiently strong occasionally to drift the snow, and every thing declared the impossibility of surviving the night in the open air. After repeated surveys, I ascertained, that there would be little difficulty to reach the ground, with the help of the bed coverings securely tied; as the flat, according to the country custom, was only a few feet high. I put on Guise’s trappings, and employed myself leisurely in forcing open the window shutter which had been fastened without, and in securing the means of descent; as I resolved to postpone my actual departure, until I could perceive a fire in one of the surrounding habitations; because I knew that Guise would not leave the frolic until nearly day-light. While thus engaged, and anxiously watching, a carriage drove up near to the house, and I indistinctly discovered three persons approaching the entrance.

“A short conversation ensued. They were consult-

ing upon the expediency of purloining the Priest's treasure; and as he was away, and discovery impossible, it was determined that they would make the attempt. I knew not how to decide. A moment only was left for deliberation. I resolved to trust to their honor, and request their aid to effect my escape. The doors were speedily opened, and two young men hurried up the stairs. They possessed a concealed light, and upon entering my room, were alarmed at seeing me. One of them rushed upon me, and threatened me with instant death, if I made any noise. I threw back my bonnet, and when instead of Guise, he perceived a young woman alone—"Tres bien!—said he—very well; here is a good prize for us; the Pretre contrives to pick out good company—who are you?"

"I am a stranger—was my reply—decoyed here for a bad design; and was just going to escape out of the window, when I heard your carriage approach. Only aid my flight from this place. I will not tell your secret."

"Bon! good—he replied, addressing his companion—we always thought the Cure had a good reason for never permitting a visitor to go up stairs. So this is his female department. We will spoil the old coquin's tricks, for a while."

"They easily discovered and secured the Priest's money. He who first saw me, then took me by the arm—"Vite!—said he—il faut partir; Quick! we must go."

"I know not how I descended the stair-case. We entered the carriage, and he drove away to a short distance, where we could be concealed from notice. He added—"Il faut s'arreter ici un peu ; we must wait here a little."

"Our contract was soon made. He promised to drive me as far as he could go with his horse, before the afternoon; and as I knew neither him nor his companions, and so dreaded all discovery, they feared no exposure from me. Suddenly a blaze of light appeared—"ils ont raison ; they are right—said my guardian—Guise will be blamed for the whole misfortune."

"It is impossible to say what I felt, when I turned and saw my prison on fire. Two young men instantly rejoined us. A short circuit was made that conducted us back into the direct road which led from the house where the dance was held ; and immediately they began to vociferate, "Fire ! fire !"—They ran to the houses to awaken the neighboring inhabitants. The carriage passed the Church, and remained stationary at a short distance from the scene. The Sacristan soon rang the alarm-bell. All the affrighted habitants blamed Guise for the fire ; because every door was safe, and an entrance was only made by force. The Pretre's furniture which was unburnt was thrown into the road, and the house was completely emptied. Within a few minutes from the ringing of the bell, moving lights were seen in every direction—"Allons ! come"—said our Charioteer. His confederates immediately returned. They had only waited to see the house gut-

ted by the Sacristan and his helpers. As soon as the screaming crowd from the dance arrived near the spot, we commenced travelling at a rapid rate away from the vile Cure's prison."

"What direction we went, I know not ; nor was it of any consequence. The only intimation which I had of our course was from the first streak of day appearing nearly in front of us—thus inducing me to suppose that we were travelling towards Quebec. The dark ride was enlivened by their conversation, and although my sense of justice condemned their ill-gotten spoils ; yet I could not heartily disapprove of a measure, by which I had been so joyfully rescued from immediate ruin. Their whole talk was a specimen of reckless raillery, respecting the manner in which they would confess their sin, and buy the Pretre's pardon with his own money : or in case of necessity, they declared they would threaten the Priest with an exposure of his concealed female companions.

"I will confess to the Cure—said Jacques—I am afraid some crowns which were paid me in Quebec were part of his holy money ; and upon condition of his pardoning all my sins, that he shall have them. O ! how he will praise my love of the Church, and my tender conscience."

Cela n'est pas bon ; that will not do—replied Pierre—I will go and pray him to pardon me for being at the dance on a Sunday ; and then tell him, that had it not

been for me, the whole of his property would have been burnt. 'Who first went into the house? will be his question. I shall answer—'the Sacristan'.—'Where was the strongest part of the fire?' will the Pretre demand. I shall reply—'In the upper rooms.' Who opened the closet and took out the contents?' will he desire to know. 'Ah, Monsieur! will I say—Je ne sais pas, I know not. That was burnt out before I could get to the fire.' Then he will shake his head at his loss, praise my diligence, pardon all my sins, and give me his blessing; but if it was worth one sous he would not bestow it without being paid for it."

"Vous ne faites rien; you are good for nothing at all,—affirmed Francois, the driver—I will go to him—'Ah, Monsieur, je suis bien fâché de vos pertes; Ah, Sir! I am sorry for your loss.' This will obtain his smile. 'Mais, Monsieur, on dit'—but, Sir, they say'—In an angry tone he will cry out—'Qu'est ce qu'on dit? What do they say. 'Pardonnez moi; pardon me'—I shall reply. He will insist; and I shall oppose, until at last I shall inform him, that Guise arrived at the fire just as it was extinguished, and asked if any person had seen a young woman about the fire; that we all said, No. That she continued to repeat, 'Pauvre miserable; poor wretch.?'—so that, they say, there was a girl burnt up in the fire.—"Who says so?" will he demand. 'All the people say—will I reply—that they heard Guise lamenting to herself over a pauvre miserable; and that she often says, it was better to jump out of the window into the snow, than to be

burnt in a house. 'Prenez garde, take care ; will the Pretre reply—contradict that story.' Upon which I shall promise him obedience, and he will grant me pleniere indulgence, full indulgence for a year."

"What is the Pretre's name, and what do they call the place?" I asked.—"Do you not know the Pretre's name?" said Francois.—"No, was my reply—I know neither his name, nor what they call the village."—"Tant mieux ; so much the better—answered Francois—then we are safe."

Of the Priest's" reported tricks, avarice, and dissoluteness, they detailed, I suppose, all which they knew. Their conversation proved to me ; that of good principles, they themselves had very little idea ; that they considered all religion to be a farce, in which the Priest enacted the chief character ; and that to rob the Cures was only doing in another form the very same thefts which they always practised. Every thing which they mentioned confirmed my abhorrence both of the Priests and their system. How long we had continued to ride, or what distance we had come, I know not ; and when they understood my ignorance of the Priest's name and of the spot, they would not answer any question by which I could ever know either, so that they might elude all suspicion and discovery. Who were my fellow travellers, or where we were going, was equally a mystery. The cloudiness of the morning also interrupted any distant view ; but sometime after day-light, we stopped at a house to breakfast.

There, during the interval of preparation, the Priest's spoilers divided their prey. They obtained a large booty, and offered me an equal part, which I refused. But when they heard, that the old coquin, as they termed the priest, had stolen my clothing and that I was penniless, they insisted that I should accept a small sum as a present from themselves, independent of their good and lawful prize, as they jocularly termed the Priest's louis d'ors, to keep me from immediate want till I could find a refuge.

“ During the breakfast, an inquiry was made— “how shall we direct our course ?” It was proposed to proceed by Point aux Trembles to Quebec. To this course I decidedly objected, and told them, that I was known there, and should be discovered. They therefore determined to take the interior route by Lorette, and leave me where I pleased.

We again stopped for dinner: and before sun-set, about a mile from the Indian village, we finally separated. When the carriage, with my deliverers, had fully disappeared, I once more felt my forlorn situation. Knowing that every stranger is a curiosity to the habitants, and that if the Cure is at home, the smallest novelty is immediately revealed to him, I dreaded exposure, and yet dared not intrust myself with persons unknown in a carriage, even had one passed me. To stay in the snow during a December night was certain death. I wandered along the road, scarcely conscious of my movements until night had completely set in; when upon looking

around me, I perceived by the moon, that I had diverged from the road to Quebec towards the mountain. I felt a numbness creeping over me, which, as soon as I began to reflect, warned me of my danger, and I instantly exerted all my energies, and hastened to retrace my course. The exercise was salutary; but when I arrived at the village, my dilemma continued the same. I could not directly appeal for a night's lodging to the Indians. No means of escape were present to my view. My fortitude left me. I forgot the Almighty Refuge. I retraced the past with horror; and the future I dreaded. I felt as a worm trodden under foot, and crushed to the earth. In my own apprehension, I was a perfectly isolated human being. I could not claim a friend—and all the men and women whom I knew, except my deliverers from the Pretre's house, seemed to be leagued in a conspiracy against my personal purity and peace.

In this agitated state of mind, I wandered to and fro. The light which the evening before had directed me to a God of mercy was not perceptible. In the pungency of my bitterness, I had forgotten the Almighty arm, which had interposed for my deliverance, without permitting me to perpetrate the scheme that I had once intended, for had no other means been practicable, I had resolved to set fire to the house and escape in the confusion. In this wretchedness, I walked along the main road, and as far as I can retrace my impressions, determined that I would be impelled by circumstances as they might arise. The sound of the waters and the

sight of the foam bewildered my imagination ; and I thought, that death or life was of equal moment, as no person on earth was interested in me. This is my last existing distinct recollection. I was then standing near the Church at Lorette. Of all the rest, I am totally unconscious, until I became sufficiently restored to hear your story; to thank you for your benevolence, and to praise God for my preservation."

Chretien, who had betrayed most emotion, as Louise unfolded her melancholy narrative, first interrupted the silence which ensued after she had closed—"If I thought that such sinfulness existed—he remarked—I would forswear the Priests and their corrupt religion forever."

"What have you ever seen in me—asked Louise, with great dignity and pathos—which should induce you, Chretien, to doubt my painful tale?"

"Nothing at all, dear Louise—he replied—but this wickedness seems so incredible, that one demands strong testimony to overcome our doubts."

"This only proves what I said before—interposed Diganu—but what evidence will satisfy you, that the Priest who has been the tormentor of Louise is also now concerned in this mystery; and that he is the strange Pretre who visited us? Will Louise's positive recognition of him, as well as of the same hand-writing in the two letters, convince you?"

"I will believe—answered Chretien—every thing that Louise has said, if the Priest who visited us the other day appears to-morrow at Lorette."

"Nous verrons ; we shall see"—remarked Louise ; and speedily left her friends to prepare for the anticipated contingencies of the eventful morning, so anxiously desired, and yet so deeply dreaded, by Diganu.

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LORETTE.

The hopes, the dreams of former days,
Which once did cheer life's gloom,
Arise before my fearful gaze,
Like spectres from the tomb.

As small party of their acquaintances had been invited to accompany Diganu, Louise, and Chretien to Lorette; who were not apprized of their intended marriage. In case of any emergency, they were selected as witnesses and defenders. Louise appeared in the same dress, except that Guise's winter apparel, being then unseasonable, was discarded. After they had breakfasted, she retired, to commend herself to God, and his fatherly grace and protection. When their friends began to assemble, Louise requested to see Diganu and Chretien alone.

"I most sincerely thank you, Chretien—Louise tenderly remarked—for all your kindness to me. I know that we shall see each other no more after this morning; but be assured, that the remembrance of your friendship will remain as long as memory endures, and will ever be mingled with the hope of meeting you in that world were the wicked cease from troubling."

“Your anticipations, my dear Louise, are too sombre—answered Chretien—once already have you been partly rescued from misery, and I hope this day will witness your complete deliverance.”

She offered him her hand in friendly salutation, with a melancholy shade of features, totally different from a bride's ordinary expressive glow, and then addressed her betrothed. “All that is in my trunk, Diganu—said Louise—is rightfully yours, and to you I restore it. But this I present you as my only relic and my most precious remembrancer—giving him her Bible—I foresee that you will value it for my sake. Believe in it as I do. I trust that you will derive consolation from it as I have done; and as I expect never more to return to this house, it will be the best memento of your Louise.”

The feeling was so oppressive, that she sunk into a chair. But having recovered her composure, she knelt down and prayed to the Father of mercies for her friends, and for her own preservation. At the close of her short devotions, Louise felt re-assured, and remarked to Chretien—“if we meet any persons to-day whom I know I will inform you.”

Diganu interposed—“I cannot go to Lorette; my heart is too overpowered with alarm.”

“N'importe; no matter—replied Louise—thus to live and be tantalized is a lingering consumption; it is

preferable to ascertain the final result. I love you Diganu, as a sister might, most tenderly; for your kindness, your sympathy, and your virtues; but inexplicable as is the fact, I never had the slightest connubial attachment or inclination for you.

"This is truly astonishing—subjoined Diganu—there is something so attractive and so repulsive in all your words, actions and character, that I accede to your wishes, gloomy as is the prospect. We will be tortured thus no longer. Either we will live together inseparable, or we will know the mysterious connection which seems both to unite and to divide us."

Their mutual pungency, which flowed from the evils that the friends foreboded, was partly alleviated during the ride from Quebec to Lorette, by the consolatory picture which Louise drew of her christian exercises, her resignation and hope in God, her resolutions of steadfastness, and in her meek exultation, that her purblind instructions had been so far efficacious through the Divine blessing, in enlightening Diganu, that she doubted not he would become a sincere believer in Jesus, the Son of God; and she charged him to study that blessed book, her Bible. "But—said Diganu, interrupting her—why did you not retain it for your own comfort?"

"What use could I make of it?—added Louise—if I am forcibly separated from you, my enemies would destroy it, and persecute me the more for having found it."

in my possession ; but if I return to Quebec with you, dearest—and she cast upon him a placid smile, which Diganu ever after dwelt upon with indescribable emotions—then we shall study it together. But as I do not expect this result, I have provided for the consequences. A large portion of its holy contents I have treasured up in my memory, as an antidote to error, an incentive to obedience, and a fountain of comfort.”

The elevation and spirituality of the topics to which they had attended during the latter part of the journey, were peculiarly appropriate, and beneficial to their agonized hearts. It seemed to unite them in a novel tie ; and Louise was soothed by the conviction, that Diganu had attained some Christian knowledge and stability. Their fortitude, however, was again shaken, as they approached Lorette.

At the extremity of the village the party halted, and Chretien having informed their associates of the object of their excursion, proceeded to ascertain if the Priest was ready to perform the ceremony. Some of the Indians and their squaws, with the children, were lounging near the entrance of the church, as customary, if any strangers arrived or were expected. When Chretien inquired for the Priest, he was directed to the church, where he found two Priests, besides the Cure, one of whom he recognized as the same who had visited and threatened Diganu ; the other was unknown. Two strange women were also seated near the altar ; and on the other side, the two Indian females who had

nursed Louise during her abode at Lorette. This array portended evil ; which was not diminished, when as he approached the Cure, who was robed for the ceremony, to inquire if the nuptial party might appear, the Priest, whom he had before seen, exchanged a significant and half-smiling, but murky look, with the other Pretres, and the two women who were near them. . .

When he returned to his friends Chretien was most painfully embarrassed—but to Louise and Diganu, he first announced what persons he had seen in the church.

“ I anticipated it—said Louise, almost sinking to the ground—but I am prepared for the worst. It is the will of God. Here, Chretien—and she presented him her hand—accept my last adieu. Remember your promise. You must now believe all that I have asserted. Snap the chain which has so long fettered your mind and will. Stand close by me ; that at least I may have time to make known the parties, if I should recognize any of them. Comfort Diganu in his distress. Cultivate your mutual friendship. Study my Bible ! God bless you !”

Diganu stood like a marble statue. The information had momentarily overwhelmed his faculties—
“ Diganu, it is too late—faintly uttered Louise, shuddering as she spoke—to alter our plans. Trust in God ! You shall hear from me.

The friends who perceived the alteration in Louise

and Diganu, pressed around to comfort them. It became necessary therefore to admonish the party of the cause of their distress, and Chretien thus remarked—"events have recently occurred of a very extraordinary and perplexing nature, and the appearance of some persons whom I have seen in the church has increased our embarrassment." The gentlemen and ladies, especially Chretien and the Bride-Maid, all avowed their resolution to assist, and to oppose any evil which might be attempted. They stopped at that part of the road where the precise spot was in view whence Louise had been rescued, and to which they all walked. There she devoutly blessed God for his goodness, again expressed her gratitude to her preservers, poured forth her whole heart in a short prayer for Diganu and Chretien, and then with slow and faltering steps, more like the measured procession of a funeral, than the joyous movements of a wedding, they proceeded to the Church.

Unknown to the party, as soon as they all had entered, the principal door of the church was locked. Louise was veiled, and walked between Diganu and Chretien, leaning on the arms of both her friends. As they moved towards the altar, Louise uttered a loud shriek; upon which all her attendants stopped. When she recovered her fortitude, she remarked, in a whisper, to Diganu and Chretien—"The Priest on the right of the Cure is my tormentor; the other I know not. That tall woman was my companion to Jacques Cartier, and I suppose on my other journey. The other creature is Guise."

Presently they advanced, and the ceremony was about to begin ; but the Priest who had visited Diganu prohibited the marriage, declaring that Louise had dedicated herself to the Church, and that she could not be discharged from her vows.

This statement was peremptorily denied by Louise, Diganu, and Chretien, who had dismissed their fears, and whom indignation had emboldened to resolute resistance. The Cure therefore proceeded—but during his ceremonial, the other Priests held a short consultation, and presently gave a signal to the female stranger, who suddenly rushed upon Louise, seized her by the arm, and forbade the marriage. Diganu and Chretien could scarcely master the Fury, so as to retain Louise under their protection. When she had become a little calmed, she turned to the officiating Priest, and in a direful voice, cried out—“ Cease : the marriage is unlawful ! Diganu and Louise are brother and sister !”

A death-like stupor instantly seized all the nuptial party. The Priest and Guise grinned with malicious delight—“ Come here ”—said the woman, addressing the Cure—“ look at this cross on her forehead—turning back her hair. She then called upon their friends to view it—“ remember that cross, it is a sign of recognition imprinted by her Mother.”

Nothing can possibly exceed the really profound astonishment of the youthful friends, and the affected surprise of the Cure at this exhibition. “ Look at

this—continued the virago, pointing to Diganu's head—and who put that mark on the boy? His Mother; the same fingers inscribed both."

Chretien was incensed with anger, and could not restrain his feelings—"Avaunt! said he, pushing her away—if they are Brother and Sister, then as Louise is a friendless orphan, Diganu is her rightful protector; and shall be her defender and supporter; until this mystery is explained and their relationship is proved."

"He shall not"—said the two Priests together, and instantly rushed towards the bridal pair. Diganu and Louise had only time to exchange the kiss of affection; with her fervent "God bless you, Diganu, adieu!" ere the Priests and the two women, with some assistants whom they had concealed to aid in their wickedness, overpowered the young men, snatched the shrieking and screaming Louise away, and hurried her through the sacristy, so that they saw her no more.

Diganu, Chretien, and their friends were equally alarmed and stupified at this outrage; and especially when, in endeavoring to escape from the church, they found all egress precluded. The Priest who had visited Diganu, with the two women and the two squaws, had disappeared with the Sacristan, when Louise was carried off; and every means to ascertain the fate of Louise was destroyed by their inability to escape from the church. During this interval, the women and the Priest and Louise had proceeded in a covered carriage

Towards **Québec**, so that all pursuit would have been useless.

While they were thus agonized for Louise, and terrified for their own safety, after a tedious time, the Sacristan again entered, and the Cure instantly began to reproach Diganu and Chretien, menaced them with all the curses of his church, and the terrors of the civil law, if they did not quietly depart. "You are guilty of sacrilege—said the Priest—and you have defiled the consecrated place, by raising a tumult and making a contest within these holy walls. Retire from the village without delay; and be thankful if no worse punishment befall you."

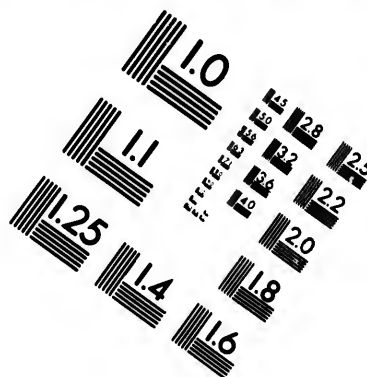
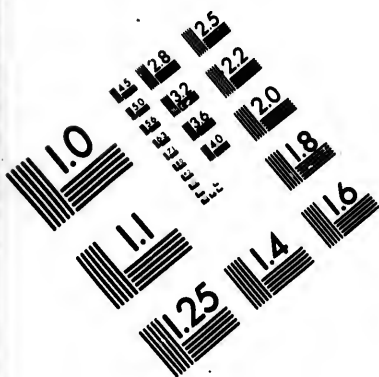
THE DISCOVERY.

Well, thou art gone, and I am left ;
But, O ! how cold and dark to me,
This world, of every charm bereft,
Where all was beautiful with thee !”

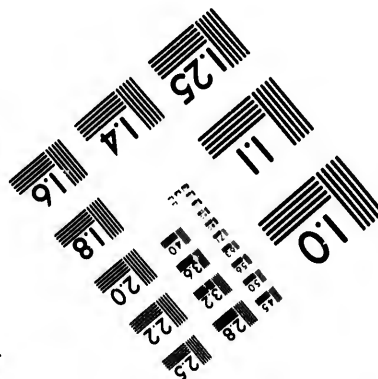
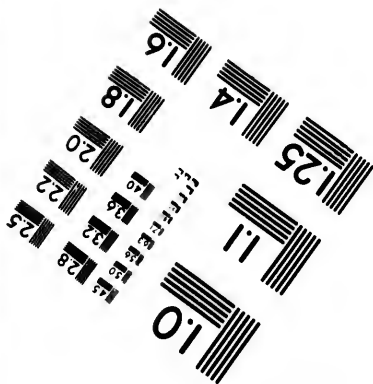
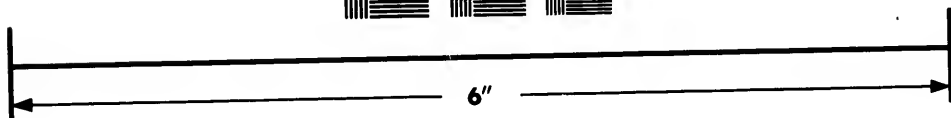
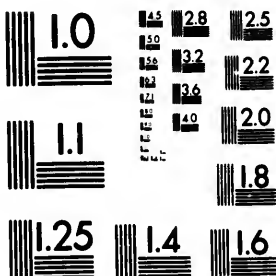
Diganu and his friends returned to Quebec with unutterable emotions of sorrow and disappointment. The melancholy feelings of survivors after the interment of a beloved relative are ecstasy, compared with their sufferings. Upon their arrival at Diganu's house, the feast was spread ; but she, who was to have been its head and ornament, had vanished. During the evening, Chretien detailed some of the more interesting facts which Louise had narrated ; and his friend was partially soothed by the unanimous decision of their companions, that it was very probable she was his sister ; and that although it was terrifying to reflect upon the mode of separation and the parties who had effected it, still it was preferable to the marriage, even though Diganu and Louise would have been excusable, from ignorance of their near relationship.

Nevertheless, Diganu and Chretien could not be satisfied. Having resolved to discard the Priests altogether, they determined to bring the matter to a judi-





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cial investigation. They applied to Rohoirc, a lawyer, whose well known opinions of the Priests justified their hope that the labyrinth might be explored. He undertook the cause with great alacrity; and assured them that he would never relax in the pursuit, until the mystery of iniquity was revealed. The grand difficulty consisted in selecting the person upon whom to fix the charge of criminality. It appeared that the Cure could only be summoned as a witness, because to involve him as an accessory, would preclude all the testimony which his knowledge of the other persons might elicit. The women were entirely beyond cognizance. Rohoirc advised that Diganu and Chretien should have an interview with the Roman Prelate; and from the manner in which he was affected by the information the ulterior proceedings could be partly determined. Soon after they communicated unto that Papal ecclesiastic, the main facts only respecting the proposed marriage, and the outrageous manner in which the bride had been forcibly abducted by the Priests.

“Eh bien! well—said the Prelate—and were you not aware of the mortal sin you were about to commit?”

“How, Monsieur?—replied Diganu—I do not comprehend what sin there could be in marrying, according to the law of God and man, the object of a pure and sincere affection.”

“But you have said—retorted the Jesuit—that the

young woman had been dedicated to the church, and to the holy life of the convent."

"Point du tout, not at all—interposed Chretien—the Priest said so, but Louise herself and we denied it."

"Ah!—said the Bishop, assuming an air of pompous mitred dignity, and prelatical contempt for his visitors—and do you think that I shall believe the assertions of two disorderly young men in preference to a Priest of our Holy Church? Besides, you say that the young woman was your sister—how can you dare to come to me with a complaint of this kind?"

"S'il vous plait, if you please—replied Diganu—I stated, that the Priests who stole Louise from me affirmed that she was my sister; but they offered no proof of that fact."

"How can you dare to dispute or even disbelieve the word of a Priest?—answered the Pope's legate, his whole countenance being inflated with wrath—know you not that resistance to the authority of the lawful Priests is rebellion against God, not to be tolerated even in thought, much less in word and in action? For this contumacy, you merit the censures of the Church, and I shall direct your Cure to that effect. Before he absolves you, I shall see that you have done ample penance, and that the Church receives full satisfaction. When you next take a young woman to live with you, remember that you do not entice a Postulante or a

Novice. *Souvenez vous de moi, partez ; remember me, depart."*

This conversation was convincing proof that the Jesuit Prelate was acquainted with all the circumstances, and that the pontifical shield would be advanced to screen and defend his subordinate ecclesiastics. Diganu and Chretien reported their interview to the attorney, who merely remarked—"we must see the Cure of Lorette."

Two of the intended nuptial party accompanied Rohoircic, Diganu and Chretien ; and after much difficulty were introduced to the Cure.—"I regret to trouble you—said the lawyer—but suits are ordered to be instituted against you and your Sacristan, and others, for the forcible abduction of a young lady during the matrimonial ceremony. Notwithstanding, I am authorized to offer you, that if you will become King's evidence, the civil action, and the criminal information, so far as you are concerned, shall be withdrawn."

"En verite, truly—answered the Priest, not in the least moved—and who—casting a lowering glance at Diganu and Chretien—will have the effrontery to support those allegations?"

"Cela n'importe, that is of no importance—replied Rohoircic—a heinous offence against all that is holy in the sight of heaven and earth has been committed by three of your Priests ; and if there be any law and justice in this province, you shall receive their award."

"Do you understand, Sir—retorted the Cure, with much apparent sang-froid and disdain—to whom, and of whom you talk in this unprecedented style? are you not aware of the danger which attaches to yourself, and much more to your companions—and he turned up his nose, curled his lip, and elevated his head with well simulated arrogance and contempt—by your threatened proceedings?"

"Je vous comprens, I understand you—indignantly responded the lawyer—but I despise your threats equally as your favors—and as for all the ruffians at your command, I defy you and them. Long have I been endeavoring to ferret out your secret abominable proceedings; now I have a perfectly sufficient clue, and in spite of the craftiness of the Bishop and all the Jesuits in Canada, I will not desist until this mystery of wickedness is unravelled. If you will come forward and testify what you know, you shall be exonerated; if not, I forewarn you, that there is ample evidence to convict three of your order, and to send you into that safe keeping, where you will not have the power to kidnap young women as victims for your sensuality."

The Cure was manifestly disturbed at this bold and unequivocal denunciation. It implied a knowledge of the arcana of their lives, which, in the hands of so inflexible an enemy and scrutinizer, might lead to very unpleasant and perilous developments. After a pause, therefore, the Cure mildly rejoined—"this matter can possibly be compromised. Your demand, however, is

not within my power ; but I will submit the whole case to the Bishop, and inform you of his decision."

"Cela ne vaut rien, this avails not—answered the lawyer—the Prelate is already apprised of this matter. He has been consulted, and is a virtual accessory to the crime, probably both before and after the outrage. This was implied in his own declaration. Instead of directing his censures against these violators of female purity, and these transgressors of all right law and decorum, he palliates their enormity, pleads the official character of the criminal perpetrators, and denounces the loudest thunders of ecclesiastical indignation against the injured, agonized sufferer, who has been robbed of his consolation, and his most precious treasure."

"If the facts be as you describe them—artfully replied the Priest—it will be preferable for me to represent them to my ecclesiastical superior. He will receive my statement with more regard than a complaint from the laity."

This Jesuitical finesse was manifestly to gain time. But the lawyer decided, that as the delay would not affect the despatch of any legal proceedings, some discovery might be made during the interval, especially as Louise had promised that Diganu should hear from her ; and although that event was scarcely to be anticipated, yet in her case it was not impossible. Upon these terms the parties separated.

- As the Cure delayed his answer to the proposal made

to him, Rohoirsio again informed him that he had obtained overwhelming evidence to convict the parties, and that all attempts to evade the investigation would be fruitless, as the Governor was informed of the extraordinary circumstances connected with the affair of Lorette, and had promised his executive interference, if the ordinary legal process should not be sufficient to elicit the truth.

This communication, being too authoritative to be resisted, was effectual. A few days after he had received it, the Cure thus replied to the lawyer—"I am directed to state, that as speedily as practicable, an explicit answer will be given you concerning the whole case."

Nearly three months had elapsed when the detested Pretre, who before had destroyed their peace, entered the house. Diganu and Chretien recoiled at the sight of him, as if a black snake had darted upon them. His features and manners appeared to be totally changed. The former bore an aspect of benignity, and the latter were polished and affable. The friends expressed not the most distant courtesy, or any token of civility. "I come—said the Jesuit, after a pause, as if he had expected them to inquire into his object—to pacify your minds respecting Louise."

It was a cunning prelude. He well knew that her name would constitute a charm and his passport to an audience. Diganu and Chretien nodded assent, and

the latter said—"on that account we are willing to receive your communication."

"Your marriage—continued the Pretre—could not have been permitted on account of your fraternal relation"—Diganu hastily interrupted him with this remark—"That remains to be proved. I know so much of your knavish artifices and impostures, that I will now believe nothing where the interests of your church and of your order are concerned, though all the Priests in Canada swear to its truth."

A momentary flush of wrath passed over the Jesuit's countenance, which was immediately followed by a derisive smile. "Diganu—replied the Priest—it is of no importance what you and your friend believe. No other mode of impeding an unlawful marriage existed. Circumstances may be true, which it is difficult or dangerous to prove. It will be ruinous to you to produce the testimony which shall absolutely convince you of the certain fact that you are the son of Louise's mother."

"What care I for ruin?—retorted Diganu, overpowered with distress—who am I? what am I? what have I been? Who, except Chretien, cares for me? What difference should I feel, if to-morrow I were seized and shipped to Europe? I should only have to rely upon my own exertions to obtain comfort there, the same as I have to do in Quebec?"

When he had thus effused his half thoughtless soliloquy; the Priest resumed his remarks. "Non pas si vite, not so fast; who watched over you in infancy? who provided for you in youth? who contrived for you a tolerable education? who supplied your wants? who advised you to engage in business? and who has often befriended you, when you wanted pecuniary assistance to carry it on successfully?"

"Chretien and his father—answered Diganu—and except Louise, I never yet saw any other human creatures who appeared to feel the least solicitude respecting me."

"Tres bon, very good!—added the Pretre—then you suppose that Chretien's father, for so many years, has shewn all this kindness to you for nothing, or out of his own small income?"

A gleam of light suddenly irradiated their minds; and there was a mingled flash of surprise and inquiry indicated by the countenances both of Diganu and Chretien. The Priest instantly perceived the advantage which he had so dexterously attained—"C'est assez, it is enough—he next remarked—there is another reason for Louise's separation from you. She is strongly suspected of having imbibed very heretical notions from an old woman whom she was appointed sometimes to visit, that she might understand how to perform the offices of charity for the sick, the poor, and the afflicted. That old woman was discovered, after

her death, to have been an apostate from our holy mother, the Church."—Here Diganu and Chretien smiled, and involuntarily displayed a look of contemptuous aversion ; which was noticed by the Jesuit. "I understand you,—he subjoined—but more of that point hereafter. This is now the reason for her being removed from you ; although after your avowed intimacy, even your mutual conviction that she is your sister would render her residence with you improper ; and as she was originally designed for the convent, it is determined to restore her to her retirement and duties, that she may be reclaimed from her heresy and disobedience to the Church."

"It is all unavailing—replied Diganu—I am resolved at all risks to know her fate, and to have the fact, that Louise is the daughter of my Mother demonstrated to my satisfaction."

"I warn you—said the Priest—that your obstinacy in this respect, Diganu, will be not only your own ruin ; but that it will be attended with the greatest danger to all your associates who were recognized in the church at Lorette, when your incestuous marriage was so seasonably interrupted."

"Why was not our relationship communicated before?—asked Diganu, with irritated impetuosity—"it is evident that the place where Louise was concealed was known to some of your ruffian gang."—A strong expression of angry, scornful emotion here perturbed

for a moment the otherwise serene features of the Pretre—"and she might have been left to me—said Diganu—at least, that I might experimentally understand what one of the endeared connections of domestic life includes."

"I have told you already—replied the Priest, with his first suavity of manner—that no evidence could have been adduced to convince you, without involving you both in more misery than even your sudden and coerced separation. Your mind will speedily be at rest by an attachment for another female, and Louise will be restored to the bosom of the Church, from which she has so perversely or thoughtlessly strayed."

"Jamais ; non jamais ; never, no never !—said Diganu, with fervid excitement—no force, no tortures will ever induce Louise, while she is in her senses, again to be united with your abominable craft."

"Tres excellent ; most excellent ! Diganu—answered the Pretre—then Louise has improved her time nobly. I perceive that either love or folly has infected you with her own mania."

"Mania or not—returned Diganu, with unguarded exasperation—I speak as I feel ; and will do it in full at the proper time and place. I believe your religion to have been contrived in hell, and that you, Roman Priests, are no better than fiends incarnate."

Chretien was terrified at his friend's imprudent and

dangerous sincerity. The Jesuit contrived, however, to conceal his exacerbated feelings, while he replied with all the composure which he could possibly assume—"I thank you for your candor; your avowal now places us upon a different relation to each other. Know then, Diganu, I dread neither your opinions nor your statements; and of this fact you have full proof by my visiting you alone in your own house. Had I been afraid of your menaced legal proceedings, or of Rohorsic, or the King's Bench, or even of the Governor, I should not have risked my person by appearing unto you; and had Chretien withdrawn from the room, I should have suspected his intention to procure help to detain me, and should have fled. The wretched consequences, whatever they might have been, would have fallen upon yourself alone."

This practical avowal of daring fearlessness perplexed Diganu. It seemed that his tormentors, by some inscrutable means, had him so completely in their power, that they could make him, just as they pleased, the foot-ball of their amusement. His fortitude was not relaxed, but he began to falter in his pertinacity. The lynx-eyed Jesuit discerned his internal conflict, and adroitly seized the occasion additionally to embarrass him. "Diganu—said he—I come here as your friend"—

"Friend!—retorted the son of sorrow, vehemently interrupting him—then what is friendship but a name? if you are a friend, what is an enemy?"

"We shall not now enter upon abstract discussions—continued the Pretre—I have business of more interest. I repeat my declaration, that I come to visit you as a friend. Nothing can alter the fact, that Louise is your sister. All the authority of the government cannot discover her retreat, or if that could be ascertained, dare not attempt to remove her. You will see her no more, I presume, in this world. Cela suffice, that is sufficient. But you are free, capable of enjoyment; and if you had continued in your dutiful obedience to the Church, you might have been prosperous and happy, without trouble. Now you are denounced by the Bishop as a heretic."

"Je ne m'en soucis pas, I care not—Digaru scornfully uttered—who, what is he? a fit confederate for the ungodly Priests who were at Lorette."

"Prenez garde, take care!—subjoined the Priest—how you utter your opinions upon these subjects to others. I excuse them from the agitation of your feelings, and the species of delirium which comes over you when you think and talk of Louise. Great pains have been taken to mollify the Bishop, whose high ecclesiastical dignity you so deeply offended, and whose apostolic spiritual authority you so contumeliously defied. I know that you are an incorrigible heretic—Chretien stared with astonishment—do not affect surprise—said the Pretre, addressing himself to Chretien—you also are placed upon the list of the suspected. and nothing but a strict and uninterrupted conformity to

the laws of the Church and the commands of its heaven—appointed Priests, will save you from the terrors of that sentence of greater excommunication, which it denounces against all apostates.”—At this folly, Diganu looked unutterable dislike, mingled with profound contempt for such a fallacious description and such an arrogant claim.—“I know that you are a heretic, Diganu—the Pretre continued—but you are pitied on account of disappointment, which on your part was involuntary ; and you both are respected for your delivering Louise from her danger, and for your subsequent tender care and brotherly protection of her. This has been explained to the Bishop, who was soothed by the account of your kindness to your sister, and he has condescended to remove from you the censures of the Church which he had pronounced.”

“I care neither for his censure nor his praise—answered Diganu—I saw enough of him to induce me to have no more connection either with him, or with any of his inferier Pests of this province.”

“Hear me—added the Jesuit, with an unaltered countenance and tone—you will be indulged in your heresies without notice, provided that you do not assail the sacred persons and characters of the holy priesthood.”—Diganu ejaculated—“Holy Priests! then what is devilish ?”—The Pretre seemed not to hear him. “The same persons unknown to you—he continued—who hitherto have directed your junior course, will be always ready to serve you ; but it is upon one

condition only—that you withdraw all legal measures in reference to your separation from Louise, and that you never again publicly introduce that painful occurrence.”

“C'est impossible, it is impossible!—replied Diganu—I never shall be, I never can be at peace, until the mystery respecting my relation to Louise is satisfactorily explained.”

“Once more I repeat—rejoined the Pretre—it cannot be done personally to you. Those individuals to whom I have alluded, as far as practicable, wish to relieve your anxieties upon that point, and have proposed a plan, to which, if you accede, all disputation will forever be terminated. Will you confide in Monsieur Rohirsic?—will you consent to any arrangement which he may make? And if he can be convinced that Louise is your sister, will you be contented?”

Diganu cast an inquiring look upon Chretien. After a short pause—“I do not want your answer this evening—said the Pretre—reflect upon the subject when you are more composed. Consider whether the complete assurance of your confidential advocate, and in this case his own inclinations will make him faithful to you, would settle your own mind. If you please, consult your professional adviser; and I will see you again for your ultimate decision.”

By Chretien's advice, Diganu accepted this pro-

position : and immediately after expressing his assent, the Priest said—"To prove that the parties with whom you are so deeply offended, for what you consider their unpardonable outrage, have no design further to pain you, I am requested to present you this trifle—offering him a bag—not as a compensation for your anguish, but to reimburse your expenditures for Louise."

"Trash!—replied Diganu, contemptuously spurning at the proffered gold—what can recompense me for the pungent sorrow which I have endured?"

"I repeat—said the Pretre—that the contents of this bag are not intended as a cordial for your sorrows, but as an act of justice. To a young man with a small business, just entering active life, the additional expences to which you were subject, through the sickness of Louise, and her residence with you, are not unimportant. Chretien, take charge of that bag; probably Diganu yet may be induced to accept its contents for the sake of his sister. Bon soir; good night!" and he hastily departed.

Chretien was gratified to perceive, that through this interview with the Priest, Diganu's heart gradually became more resigned, and more disposed to credit the statement, that Louise was his sister. If even a delusion, Chretien judged, that the only method to alleviate Diganu's grief was to encourage his belief of it, for all hope of ever meeting Louise again was a palpable deception. Chretien therefore encouraged the sentiment,

until Digann began to consider that their separation, under all the circumstances, if he was her brother, was preferable, while he felt not the least abatement of his detestation, either for the mode or the agents.

Some days after the Jesuit's visit, a parcel for Digann was received, which, upon being opened, contained a letter and a large package of louis d'ors. Digann requested Chretien to count them, to replace them in the bag, and to seal it, while he perused the letter. He had read but a few lines, when he betrayed great agitation. After a moment's reflection, he arose, and drew from his desk the letter which he had formerly received, prohibiting his marriage with Louise. "C'est le meme, it is the same—he said—most extraordinary!" Chretien inquired the cause of his emotion. "Another letter—answered Digann—in the same hand-writing as before. We must unravel this strange circumstance."—The letter was evidently written by the same woman who had despatched the former terrifying scroll.

TO DIGANU.

"It is of no use, Digann, to oppose the truth. Louise is your sister. I tell you again, as you heard at Lorette, the same motherly hands stamped the cross on both your heads, on purpose that you might be recognized whenever it might be necessary to interfere in your concerns. Father and Mother, you and Louise never knew, although you have never been from under their control. From this time, they will have no further concern with you. Louise is as comfortable as her heretical temper will allow. She has made both you

and Chretien heretics: but the Holy Bishop and Priests, mercifully believing that you are not now exactly in your right mind, postpone their sentence against you. You must give up your law-suits, or else worse will come upon you. You received a letter before, and you found every word of it true. Remember, therefore, my present advice. Harken to the Priest's proposal. You shall not bring the business to a trial. The Lawyer will not be touched; because as he is such an enemy to the Bishop and the Priests, if any harm should come to him, their Reverences would be charged with having instigated it; but for the rest of you no person is concerned. Therefore mark me—if you persist in your obstinacy, Louise will die unknown and where no earthly power can ever discover it; and you, Diganu, with Chretien, shall follow her, struck by an invisible hand, and in such a manner, that the world shall pronounce you both suicides after your exit. I have sent you some money; make a right use of it. Attend to your business. Never gamble; that is the road to ruin. Get all the money you can. Never trouble yourself about the Priests and Nuns. Be cautious what kind of a woman you marry. Do not talk about our religion. Keep your mouth close. Watch your neighbors. Take care of yourself and your money; then you can do as you please. Mind number one; and all will be well! Adieu! this is the last that you will ever hear of Louise!"

* * * *

"Tres bon; very good!—said Chretien—the old.

hag, as Louise truly named her, knows the ways of the world."

"It is very surprising, Chretien—remarked Diganu—that your father and mother, who brought me up, should never have mentioned any hint of all these matters. Do you think it possible, that they are ignorant of what the Priest explained, and what this letter implies?"

"Certement, certainly!—replied his friend—I have heard my father and mother often declare, that they knew nothing about you; except that when they went to Quebec, they always stopped at one house, and soon after they arrived, a man or woman used to call and inquire for you, find out what you wanted, and give them clothes for you, and groceries and other domestic supplies, as much as they wished. But who they were, or where they lived; they do not know at this hour and I was only ten years old, when we first came together to Quebec."

Diganu and Chretien soon visited the lawyer, recounted the conversation with the Jesuit Priest, and shewed the letter which had been received, prior to the affair at Lorette, and that delivered a few days before their interview. "There is—remarked Rohoircic—an appearance of truth about this circumstance, which involves prudential questions of great importance. Doubtless, Louise is immured in some dungeon where no earthly power can save her; and it is not less cer-

tain, that to hinder the legal investigation of the story of Louise, that they will execute their vengeance. If they resolve to murder, nothing can save you. The Priest's order will be obeyed; his servile tool has no conscience, but the Pretre's command. Even could the investigation be pursued to its close, and the fact that Louise was Diganu's sister be proved, it would only secretly banish those ruffians from the province, by episcopal mandate; while your lives, as they declare, would immediately be sacrificed. Against their wiles, I am convinced, that there is no security; because any plan which they project, will be joyfully undertaken; and by representing you as two heretics, their ignorant disciples would fancy themselves displaying to God their highest service and allegiance when they deprive you of life. Before you see the Priest again, I shall doubtless hear from the Cure, and I will advise you without delay what answer to return to him."

On the following day, the Priest of Lorette called upon Rohoirc; and after stating that there were intrinsic and peculiar difficulties in the case, proposed, that the counsellor should urge upon his client the acceptance of the Priest's proposal. "The parties are willing—said the Cure—to confide to you full proof of the relationship between Diganu and Louise, upon your engagement of inviolable secrecy. No evidence can be more satisfactory; but the whole is of so delicate a nature, that a public scrutiny never will be admitted, under any pretext or claim; and it will be

evaded in spite of all the civil authorities."—The lawyer expressed his acquiescence; and the Priest, to secure his favor, told him to accept no fee from Diganu. "If you can terminate the affair—added the Cure—you shall be amply remunerated for your mediation."

During the interval from the strange Priest's visit to Diganu, Chretien thought, that the evidence was so plausible as to authorize belief, or deeming it fruitless to persevere, he had exerted all his influence to procure Diganu's consent to the offer. His grand argument was this, that as the parties could not unveil the whole mystery, Diganu could not be more satisfied; that if the lawyer was convinced, no additional evidence was requisite; and that as Rohorsic was so embittered against the priestcraft, and so shrewd in discovering a fraud, it was most probable that they would not attempt to impose upon him, as it would only now give him a new advantage over them. This impression was increased by the Counsellor's views and opinions, who engaged, that he would admit nothing less as truth, than testimony which would convince Diganu and Chretien, if it were submitted unto them.

The next evening the Priest entered. He accepted Diganu's promise, cautioned him to be wary in the expression of his opinions, and admonished him much to the same purport, as the woman had done, in the letter which he had received. "This business will be closed to-morrow—he added, as he was retiring—on

the next day, you will hear from your Counsellor : after which, I shall see you once more ; till then, Adieu !”

Diganu and Chretien very impatiently waited for the lawyer's information. About the time designated by the Priest, he visited them. As soon as he entered, Diganu's feverish excitement, mingled with his sorrowful agitation, compressed all his feelings into a short question which he abruptly proposed to Rohoircic. “Is it true?” said the youth ; but he read the reply in his features, before the words were uttered—“ Louise without doubt is your half sister.” Diganu replied—“then, one half of my burden and my grief is at once removed. Can you give me any of the evidence which has produced that conviction in your mind ?”

“Every thing, of course—answered Rohoircic—which could involve any of the parties in certain absolute disgrace has been concealed, as well as their names : but ample circumstantial proof has been presented to me, that you are the children of different fathers by the same mother. Two baptismal registers have been produced in which two children are recorded as still living. Francis D. is the eldest ; and you are described as having a peculiar cross with a D marked on your crown ; I should recognize it at once.” Diganu offered his head for inspection—“the very same—added the lawyer, after a close scrutiny ; then addressing Chretien—did you ever notice this remarkable oval figure ?”—Chretien replied—“not particularly ; but a similar mark in Louise's cross was very distinguish-

ble." The lawyer thus explained his meaning—"that mark was intended to point out to the parents only, in case of necessity, the mother. It is a capital Greek Theta; and divulges the two first letters of her name." Diganu instantly asked—"are you acquainted either with that or the names of our fathers?"

"No—returned the advocate—except that the D in your cross was the initial letter of his name, as the M in the cross of Louise was the first letter of her father's appellative; these particulars were all that were mentioned. From the details which you have given, and from a combination of various circumstances, I might indulge a suspicion: but these Jesuits are so deceitful, that where their craft is concerned, you can safely rely upon nothing which they say or do. But now I have to ask you one question. Describe the person of Louise?" Diganu and Chretien portrayed her minutely—"The very same—observed the lawyer—and in the baptismal register, she is recorded as Louise M., the sister of Francis D., and sixteen months younger, with a similar cross on her forehead and the letter M in it." Chretien remarked—"Nothing can be more alike than the two crosses; and Diganu and I often mentioned that other mark in Louise's cross, although we knew not the design." The advocate added—"Nothing therefore can be more clear than the fact, that the M was her father's initial letter."

"How old then am I?" inquired Diganu. "That was not communicated—answered Rohoirsic—but you

must be about the age of Chretien, because his mother partly suckled you when he was an infant. I presume however, that you are a few months older than he is : but upon these topics, all possible reserve was maintained. Nothing was unfolded, except it tended to verify the main fact, and of *that*, I have no doubt."

The lawyer then proceeded to state some general circumstances respecting Louise, her living at Point aux Trembles, her visit to Jacques Cartier, her rescue at Lorette, her boarding at the house where Diganu had first stationed her in Quebec, and some other matters to which neither Diganu nor Chretien had adverted ; which proved, that the parties who had made known those things had secretly watched their conduct ; and therefore on this subject, might surely be credited. But when the counsellor proceeded to identify Diganu in the same manner, by details of his early life, progress, pursuits, occupations, and many other private occurrences only known to Chretien and his early domestic associates, his remaining incredulity vanished away, and he fully acknowledged—" Persons so minutely acquainted with these trifling and almost obliterated events of my junior years must be mysteriously connected with me, and therefore in a case of this nature their evidence is admissible."

"This is my decided opinion—replied Rohoirc—not that they have voluntarily made this disclosure. They have been intimidated, and dreading the open exhibition of a crime, which, only in its prominent

act, the forcible abduction of a female in the midst of the nuptial ceremony, would excite an unappeasable commotion, they have preferred that you should escape their fangs, and that I should be at liberty to imagine whatever I please."

"But what shall I do with the money which has been transmitted to me?" inquired Diganu. "That is well introduced—answered the lawyer—I am persuaded, that to some of the parties, who were the prominent agents in the transaction at Lorette, you are indebted for your birth, tuition, and the facilities which you have received in commencing and carrying on your business. This was not distinctly stated, but it was intimated, that your connections who had assisted you before, are now so enraged at your conduct, that they have determined no longer to befriend you. In fact, they dread lest by some means, the medium by which you have been aided with cash and credit should be traced; and therefore they will preclude all discovery by leaving you in future, entirely to yourself. Retain their presents; then if they discard you, the impression that you possess superfluous wealth will enable you to choose the best connections. One fact however was plainly declared; if you close the threatened litigation; the persons who have educated you will not permit you ever to be destitute and dependent."

"I shall insist upon one condition—added Diganu—and for it you must obtain a sufficient guarantee; that if Louise dies before me, I shall be made acquainted

with her decease." The Counsellor answered—"that is proper ; I will have this point fully insured."

On the same evening the Cure of Lorette appeared. The other articles were easily adjusted ; but the last claim of Diganu was pronounced inadmissible. " I wish not to impose upon you—remarked Rohoirsic—but I have you all now completely in my power. I shall insist upon occasionally seeing Louise. It is a duty which I owe to all the parties ; for I have promised to convey the information of her death to Diganu, in case he should survive her." The Cure finally assented ; and the lawyer engaged that the whole affair should be buried in oblivion. He presented Rohoirsic his *douceur* for his services, and desired him to repress all intemperate unguarded expressions ; if Diganu and Chretien, through youthful effervescence, should ever introduce them. On the subsequent night, the counsellor communicated to Diganu and Chretien a full detail of his proceedings ; and they were consoled with the idea ; that at least, they should hear of Louise's departure ; which they anticipated could not be very distant, from the trials which they imagined, she would be forced to endure. Some days after, the Priest who had been the cause of all Louise's misery entered for the last time. " I am come, Diganu—said the Pretre, with great cordiality—according to my promise to see you once more : your proceedings now prove, that you are not totally insensible to reason, feeling, and propriety."

"Had I possessed neither—retorted Diganu—it would

not have been a matter of surprize. How is a human creature to show sensibility, who has never enjoyed a relative's endearments to keep it in exercise; and just when it was beginning to awake and expand itself, who has had its first fresh and green fruits forever blasted."

"The lawyer has convinced you—replied the Jesuit; that your proposed marriage was illegal and unnatural; and no other secure mode existed to annul your contract."

"Why was not that explanation made, when it was ascertained that Louise was residing with her brother? asked Diganu—then she might have been useful, and I might have been at peace."

"It was perceived—said the Priest—that your affection had assumed that irrevocable character, which indulged no expectation of any change. Besides, the heresy of Louise exposed her to continual danger—his countenance for once expressed great severity—and her heresy is unpardonable."

Chretien here interposed, and with great mildness inquired—"what is heresy?"—The Pretre, with a haughty air and tone answered—"Heresy! Chretien; it is heresy to read the Bible. It is heresy not to believe what your Priest teaches. It is heresy not to attend Mass and Confession, and not to pay the church dues: and above all, it is rank heresy, to act contrary to a Priest's directions."

"But I will read the Bible—exclaimed Diganu, with great energy—I believe all that you teach is strong delusion. I will never more go to Mass or Confession, or pay a Priest one sous : and I mean to do every thing exactly contrary to all that the Priests have hitherto always ordered me. What am I?"

The Jesuit, with stifled emotion, and it was the only occasion on which his voice betrayed it, and with a stern countenance, answered—"You are the brother of Louise; and an excommunicated heretic!" Diganu instantly retorted—"Bravo! I glory in your brand of the heresy and the farce of the excommunication, for the comfort and advantages of the relationship."

"It was no part of my object—solemnly but kindly rejoined the Pretre—to introduce this point. I come on behalf of your former friends, to discharge my duty. Your desire to hear of Louise as betokening a brotherly affection is satisfactory; and as the lawyer has apprised you, once more you shall hear of her; I will not engage that you ever see her again! this may not be practicable. Those persons who have hitherto interested themselves for you, on account of the recent events, are obliged to remain hereafter disconnected from all your concerns; but as they cannot even wish you to be more wretched than your heresies will render you, I am directed to offer you this as a remembrancer. It is the last pecuniary favor which you may expect to receive from them—having presented Diganu a large parcel, he added—but now I have one requisition to make, and I will see whether a heretic can keep

his faith with a Roman Catholic Priest." Diganu and Chretien stared with uneasiness at this implied novel exaction. "It is believed—continued the Pretre—that Louise has communicated to you a number of falsehoods respecting the Priests and the religieuses—he then fixed his searching eye upon Diganu and Chretien, and asked—is it so?"

Chretien replied—"To justify herself for the dangerous condition in which we discovered her, she stated, that she had been placed in a very distressing situation, and that she had escaped in the commotion occasioned by a fire in the house, where she was involuntarily detained for pollution." The Pretre unguardedly asked—"did she inform you in whose house it was, and the name of the resident Priest?" thus virtually admitting the truth of her statement, and implying his own knowledge of the fact.

"Not at all—answered Chretien—it was only the last night before we went to Lorette that she mentioned it, and although she identified and pointed out to us the parties in the church, yet she declared, that she could form no accurate conception of the parish." The Jesuit quickly rejoined—"Assez, enough! My object in noticing this matter is to engage your promise, that no mention shall be made by you, of any calumny which she recounted in her delirium." Diganu instantly exclaimed—"delirium! she was always sensible when with us!" The Priest remarked—"Cela

n'importe, no matter, all these circumstances henceforth are to remain buried in oblivion."

"Certement, certainly—said Diganu—but Chretien and myself are not to be molested for our religious opinions and practices, although we know, that it is your doctrine to keep no faith with heretics."

"That contract is already decided—added the Pretre—faith in this instance will be kept with you: and now we part most probably for ever. Take my advice young men; you are inexperienced in the ways of the world. Contract not large debts. Entangle not yourselves with securityships. Never play at games of chance for money. Be upon your guard respecting the females whom you may select for your wives. But above all things, say nothing about Nuns, Priests, and the church. Your friends, in any emergency, will assist you. Be cautious in your associations; and remember, that you will always be strictly watched. Louise's comfort and your own safety essentially depend upon your prudence—he offered Chretien his hand—I know you well, and am willing yet to serve you, Chretien—he remarked—maintain your affection and friendship for Diganu. Adieu! God bless you." Then turning to Diganu, who coldly accepted his proffered salutation, he said tenderly and seriously—"Diganu, I have long cared for your welfare; but now my duties in that respect are ended. You have ample means to establish a comfortable business. Remember that Rohoisiq will ever be your friend in need. Give yourself no

anxiety for Louise. She is safe, and as comfortable as she can be. I shall see you again I hope, before you or I leave this world"—he laid his left hand on Diganu's head, with apparent fervor pronounced his priestly "PAX TECUM, peace be with thee."—and immediately disappeared.

From that evening, years revolved, and Diganu's life was almost an entire disconnection from all mankind, except as the mere routine of commercial business produced a temporary association. His soul was almost circumscribed within himself. By his anti-social suspicious of all who were the minions of the Roman Priesthood, he had contracted the habits of a recluse with none of his natural feelings; and combined the anchorite's reserve with an enlarged philanthropy, in a situation, where every thing around him repressed attachment and excited disgust. His only companion was Chretien. Louise's bible was his chief treasure and delight. But his constant refuge and faithful, unchanging friend was the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

NARRATIVE OF LOUISE.

“Where am I? life’s current faintly flowing,
Brings the welcome warning of release;
Struck with death; ah! whither am I going?
All is well—my spirit parts in peace.”

The details which follow are the abridged contents of a manuscript that unfolded the history of Louise after her heart-rending separation from Diganu.

“Before these papers are seen by you, my beloved brother, your Louise no longer will be a resident upon earth; and that you will obtain a glimpse of my character and experience subsequent to our unnatural and wicked disunion is the result of circumstances which shall now be revealed. It is superfluous to retrace the events of that terrifying morn, when I was dragged away from your protection; but it is consolatory, that you were not apprized of the wicked object, as in that case, a mortal conflict alone would have terminated the scene. After our final adieu, I became totally unconscious, and was hurried into the carriole which had drawn up to transport me away, altogether insensible to the proceedings of those who had seized me. When I first clearly realized my situation, we were not more than two miles from Quebec; and hurrying along the

road with all possible speed to the General Hospital, where I was transferred to the insane department ; and during my detention, in which, I saw no person but the woman who, at Lorette affirmed that you are my brother ; and the Priest from whom I had before escaped. The true but agonizing reason for our separation was soon divulged. Time had neither changed the Priest's design, nor diminished the willingness of his tool to aid him in effecting his base purpose. During a month probably, I was tortured by their constant artifices. Those of the female were kind and insinuating. The Jesuit's stratagems were mixed with harshness and alarm. I resented the female decoys as grossly unnatural and insulting ; the Priest's menaces, I scorned and defied. Undoubtedly, in the friendless and destitute condition in which they had placed me, his treachery would have been executed, as I afterwards discovered, had not your threatened law-suits placed all the actors in a most perplexing embarrassment. The miserable Nun's apparent blandishments were obviously designed as a contrast to the Pretre's terrific impudence, to effect by vitiating and seducing wiles that which could not be achieved by intimidation ; so that from fear of him, I might be ensnared by her ; or if I resisted her entanglements, that I might be entrapped by his artful and various snares.

The Jesuit constantly had two topics with which to daunt me. My well known heresy, and the dreadful sentence of excommunication, which he ever portrayed in the most appalling features and from which, his grand

object was to show, that I could be relieved solely by his means, and therefore I ought to secure his favorable interposition, the terms and price of which I knew. My principles I defended. The censures of his Church I ridiculed. At his favor I scoffed. And in reference to his excommunication, I remarked—"I am in your power; imprisoned in the maniac's cell; weakened by continual privations and uninterrupted ill usage. You can forcibly outrage and violate my person; you can deprive me of my faculties; or you can secretly murder me: but you can neither stupify my conscience, nor corrupt my heart." At other times, he charged me with robbing his house, and setting fire to it. He would denounce against me all the severest punishments of the law, and from those fearful penalties he engaged to secure me, only for the voluntary sacrifice of my personal purity. "Nothing—I often remarked to him, would rejoice me so much as to be delivered up to the civil authority upon these charges. In any possible emergence, my situation would be amended. I might be acquitted, in spite of all your arts and the witnesses whom you could suborn to perjure themselves. In any case, I should be released from your ungodly fangs. If they condemned me, the verdict would be given solely from defect of evidence, and they would not be criminal; but you would be guilty of wilful murder. At all events, I would rather trust in the God of Providence to deliver me, who already once has mercifully rescued me from your wicked contrivances, or even be hanged in innocence; than remain in wretched solitude under your dangerous control."

Thus passed my days, with no prospect of escape from my anguish. But at length, after suitable preparation, for form's sake, the Surgeon who had attended me at Lorette was admitted; and I was transferred to another apartment, but in perfect seclusion. I was speedily after, despatched to Montreal, with the strictest injunctions of the closest confinement. Subsequently I was remanded to Quebec, and was introduced to your Counsellor; who, unknown to you, would not consent to any pacific arrangement, until he had seen me and obtained all necessary explanations from your Louise herself. To his inflexibility, I owe all the little personal safety and comfort which I have since enjoyed. He contracted for my residence in Quebec; for an annual interview with me; for the occasional sight of me at the grate; for my exemption from all trouble and persecution on account of my religious principles; for my perfect security from all attempts to assail my modesty; for the free use of writing materials, and the undisturbed possession of whatever books according to my desires, he should procure for me; for a final interview with you, if practicable, when near death; and for the eventual transmission to you, of whatever I pleased to designate after my release from this vale of tears. Notwithstanding these privileges were solemnly guaranteed to me; yet as they were most reluctantly granted, as I was denounced as an incorrigible heretic, and as I was a resident where every person was decidedly inimical to me; my existence from that period was, of course, an almost unvarying round of perplexity and disquietude; except as it was alleviated by the

consolatory truths of the Gospel of Christ. I was forced to engage in the most menial offices; and although the absolute letter of your lawyer's compact was never so outrageously infringed, that he could properly have declared that his silence should be terminated, because they had nullified their part of the agreement; yet every cunning artifice was adopted, that I might be induced to become altogether like themselves.

The interior of a convent is the *sepulchre of goodness*, and the *castle of misery*. Within its unsanctified domain, youth withers; knowledge is extinguished; usefulness is entombed; and religion expires. The life of a Nun is a course of exterior solemn mummery, from which all that is lovely is ejected; and under the vizard dwells every thing loathsome and sorrowful. All that Marguerite implied and described to me is practised; and the chief solitudes and contrivances consist in their efforts to conceal from the world at large, the secrets which appertain to the direful prison. As I was too much hated to be regarded as of any consequence, and was so narrowly watched that nothing less than the sudden and unforeseen exercise of the power of the Government could have held intercourse with me, except by the cursory recognition and the annual interview with your counsellor and friend on each New Year's day, and this only in the presence of the Superieure; no opportunity was afforded me to make any communication, except in the packet sealed for you, and which the lawyer was bound to reserve until my decease.

However, my life was not so fraught with anguish as might have been anticipated ; not from any defect in their torturous ingenuity to diminish its comforts and to aggravate its hardships ; but I had found " the pearl of great price ;" and in him I found a never failing and unchangeable friend. Often have I experienced the fulfilment of the promise ; " as thy days are, so shall thy strength be : " and I can testify, during the tedious years of my bondage and imprisonment within the walls of the Nunnery, that the word of the Lord is true ; " I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. " The benevolence of your Counsellor towards me in no point of view was more advantageous, than in the absolute claim which he made, that I should be at liberty to peruse the Bible, and any other books which I could procure. He always presented me a few volumes upon his visit in exchange for others ; the whole of which books will be your portion as remembrancers of your Louise. To adjust this point involved great difficulties. The Bishop and the Chaplain, with the other Priests, by every species of crafty management, endeavored to cancel this clause of the contract. Rohoirc was immovable. " I am willing—he sternly remarked—that no other persons shall even be acquainted with the fact that Louise possesses those books ; but I never will consent, that she shall be divested of all printed associates, when a living companion cannot be found for her. " His peremptory tone, in connection with their dread lest their ungodliness should be promulged, finally urged their compliance with his vexatious demand.

The most painful of all my mental exercises flowed, not only from my being so completely isolated, but also from the contempt with which all the inhabitants of the convent incessantly assailed me. Age and youth, mock gravity with thoughtless levity, hypocritical grimace and open indulgence, infidel hardihood with ceremonial apishness, the Jesuit Chaplain's insolence, with that of his associated visiting Priests, the mimic affectation of the Religieuses, and the authoritative malignity of the Superieure, all were ever arrayed against your defenceless sister. This was the most difficult of all my conquests. Their stupid pretences at an argument did not in the least disturb me. Their denunciation of judgments against all heretics served equally to show their ignorance and bigotry, and only excited my compassion. And even their tasks, severe as they sometimes were, tended to encourage my fortitude and produce additional energy. But when the youth who were taught and actuated by them, many of whom doubtless were their own daughters, all combined to point the finger of scorn and to spurn at me with their puny raillery, then I have felt mortified and excited. To master this lesson required much time ; but one of my best supports while acquiring it, next to the truth of the sacred oracles, was the lawyer's assurance, that my brother and Chretien remained steadfast and immovable in the faith and hope of the Saviour. Eventually, however, I was enabled to vanquish all my arrogant sensibilities ; and as the Psalmist observes, I hope, in some measure, that " I behaved and quieted myself as a child that is weaned of his mother ;

my soul was even as a weaned child." From that period, I was enabled to cast myself and all my cares unreservedly upon the Lord. The language of David was my uniform, and I think, my predominant feeling—"My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from him. He only is my rock and my salvation." I had yielded up my brother; and with you, I resigned all that had ever truly cemented me with earth. My constant prayer ascended to our Father in heaven for grace for myself, that I might forbear and bear all that God permitted; and for you, that when we ceased to live in this world, we might have our eternal "inheritance among the sanctified."

It is difficult to enumerate the varied causes, attributes and effects of delirium; but I am convinced, that the whole conventual system involves a species of infatuation bordering on lunacy, unless it is more appropriately transferred to vice. Jesuitical artifices and seductions, by which persons are ensnared, may mislead and enchain ignorant and inexperienced youth into monastic life, as no doubt they would have entangled your Louise, had not Marguerite premonished me. To a junior, whom the Priests and Nuns are anxious to cajole, nothing can surpass their enticements. Youth merely glance at the surface, and all appears robed in the very witchery of delight. To them a Nunnery seems the haven of quietude, the garden of an earthly paradise, and the sanctuary of all that is devotional and spiritual. The scene is a genuine theatrical exhibition, in which the actors appear to be

decorated in all the grander characteristics of humanity, developing its loftiest conceptions, and its most refined emotions. Those Postulantes and Novices alone who are previously prepared, are admitted to survey the interior. The blasphemy, the wretchedness, the coarse manners, the shameless loquacity, and the bare faced sacrifices of truth and virtue, all are obscured, until the parties either already have engaged, or are willing unscrupulously to mingle with the others, in their hypocritical sanctity and sensual indulgences. But the toilsome uniformity of the monastic life renders it still more objectionable in principle, and insupportable in experience. The unchanging routine of daily ceremonial forms, equally unintelligible and unmeaning, only increased or diminished, according to the established prescriptions, counteracts all moral and intellectual energy. This deadening system was more odious to me, because it opposed all my views; and the paralyzing routine of the convent was augmented by my alienation even from the only alternations that relieved the dullness of the tedious hours. The ordinary course of a Nun is not less indefensible upon physical, than upon moral principles. But it is the high curse of popery, that it adapts itself to every character however unseemly, and to all conditions however unnatural. By its dispensing qualifications, it is not only accommodated to each individual, but it can be suited to every possible emergency. It can abrogate all laws, transform vice into virtue relax its claims when a Priest requires gratification; increase its demands when a Jesuit desires revenge; and by its variety of metamorphoses,

can command what it lists; and in its plenitude of power, will justify those who obey its orders in any rebellious act against God, and in all heinous criminality towards man. The dull monotony of the Nunnery was also very pernicious to my health and constitution; because I had no stated periods of air and proper exercise allotted to me. To understand the views of the world without was prohibited to your Louise. If any article of information became known to me, it was accidental; and to all intents, I was immured in a large dungeon, with no expectation of amendment or release, and with no earthly companion from whom I could experience the least sympathy, except when the lawyer presented me his New Year's congratulations; and with nosolace, except in the Scriptures and at the throne of grace. In all my variety of grief, however, I found an assured refuge in God, who had so mercifully delivered me, and who often by his spirit, transformed the gloom of my dreary solitude into the very light of life, and devout communion with him and with Jesus Christ our Lord.

The delineation of one day in the convent will give you a history of the whole, with very little alteration. While the Religieuses and their dependents were mumbling over their Ave Marys, and their matin rosaries, I read my Bible, and attempted to pray to the Father of Light, the Giver of every good and perfect gift. In reference to their food, I was obliged to partake according to their unscriptural and absurd customs; but this I considered to be unimportant.

'Their idolatrous festivals to me were days of real enjoyment, because while undergoing their pretended penance, or revelling in their sensuality, I was left alone. In the same manner, when they were engaged at their vespers, I occupied the evening hour in my humble devotions. The genuine characteristics of monastic life chiefly vary with the constitutional temperaments of the Nuns, all which are as accurately known to the Priests as themselves. By their artifices at confession, they unravel every character, and transform each individual into an instrument to subserve their unholy designs. However dissonant in temper and pursuit, all are moulded according to the Pretre's will. A Jesuit Priest can form no correct idea of relationships. His whole soul is centered in himself and in his craft. To him all the tender charities of life are utterly unknown: and as his assumed religion is nothing more than a cloak to deceive the world, and under its concealment to gratify his own wishes, the practice of confession enables him to grasp every thing which he may choose. My knowledge of them convinces me, that very few Roman Priests indeed now exist, who are not determined infidels. This doctrine they teach their besotted disciples, especially the girls, whom when young, they mark for their prey. In every form, they ascertain their ruling dispositions; as they grow up, they gradually acquire over them a complete ascendancy, behave to them with a familiarity apparently only paternal, imbue them with all overpowering ideas of their priestly indisputable authority, infuse a high estimate of the value of their pardon of

sin, and of the absolute necessity of obedience to them in all things, attract their regard and affection by trifling presents, accompanied with tender endearments; and then with the aid of their female seducing adepts, find the deluded silly creature an easy and willing victim. Often are the young women made to believe, that they are an inferior race to the men, and only created to administer to their enjoyments, that all their friends and relatives are equally frail, submissive and attached to the Pretres, and in case of obstinate resistance, then they are reminded of all the matters which they have acknowledged at confession, and menaced with a public exposure of crimes, of which not only were they incapable of being guilty, but of which they had never heard, nor formed an idea. This is the general result of the horrible system of confession. Artful questions are asked, the purport of which an innocent girl does not even comprehend. She learns, however, from the Priest, that she has acknowledged the commission of sins, for which she is directed to perform an impracticable penance. This only adds to her perplexity, and to escape from her dilemma, she finally commutes her penance, by actually participating with the Pretre in that crime, which he alone had taught her.

In the immortality of the soul, the resurrection of the body, and the future judgment, none of the Nuns whom I ever heard talk at all believed, except a few, who for their gratuitous austerities and reserve were considered as gloomy fanatics, and who were humored

in their own pursuits. It is one chief part of the mystery of iniquity, that the Priests, knowing all the women's characters, and inclinations, and doings, retain them all in subjection from fear of each other, and thus unconsciously, and doubtless often unintentionally, they assist the grand scheme of luxurious pleasure and priestly aggrandizement. Their conscientious principles, so far as they have any, their moral habits and predilections, and their sincerity and usefulness, all are absorbed in a degrading sense of inferiority, and in a profound subjection to priestly arrogance and enticements; for of tender, affectionate, and domestic relative sensibilities, they are totally divested.

The seclusion, inactivity, and nervous depression which I experienced, were unfavorable to my health; and the symptoms of constitutional debility that I began to manifest, were viewed with avowed satisfaction, both by the Nuns and the Priests. After I had been their prisoner about seven years, I perceived that the derangement of my bodily system rendered me more susceptible of imaginative impressions, and less capable of the services which I had been coerced to perform. The change however was very gradual; but on the eighth anniversary of the Counsellor's visit, he tenderly noticed my emaciated appearance; and upon hearing the report of the Physician, whom he directed to examine my state, he became convinced, that I should at no very distant period dwindle into "the house appointed for all living."

Several months passed away without any perceptible alteration, until one morning I was suddenly summoned into the Superieure's apartment ; and there to my joyful surprise, and it was a perfect cordial to my heart, I beheld my friend Rohoircic. After kindly expressing his delight that I appeared unchanged—" I have visited you, Louise—he remarked—to propose to you a change of habitation for a short period. You will live exactly the same ; but fresh air may benefit you. I trust that you will have no objection." To his offer I replied—"I am not my own director ; you know who manages my concerns, I never did. To me the place of residence is immaterial, as long as I am under your kind surveillance."—Rohoircic gave me his hand, while he nodded a smiling assent.—" Air, medicine and exercise—I added—all will be too late applied to restore my dilapidated constitution : and even could they be essentially beneficial, except as it is our duty to use every means to prolong life for usefulness in the Lord's service ; to a child of sorrow and of solitude, like me, without any opportunity to do good, or the hope of ever attaining any capacity for it, mere bodily relief is unavailing." The lawyer rejoined—" To benefit you exclusively, is not our design. You may very essentially serve a fellow creature in great and peculiar distress. Agonized in mind, and diseased in her frame, she wishes for a kindly attendant, and it is believed that you will exactly suit. You will be required to execute no menial or disagreeable offices. Only two things are claimed of you, that you shall divulge nothing that you see or hear, even to the Superieure ;

here he tenderly pressed my hand, with a look of affectionate regard—and that you shall make no attempt to escape from my superintendence.” An unwonted smile almost unconsciously overspread my face at this novel exaction, while I said to him—“The last requirement, you may be fully assured, I shall never transgress. That you have so long and faithfully interested yourself for me is one of the strongest consolations in reference to earth and time, and the loss of the same care and kindness would be my death-stroke. With regard to the question of my removal, I shall leave the decision of it to yourself, as the only competent judge.” “Point du tout; not at all—answered Rohoircic—it is altogether a matter of sensibility. You are requested to perform an act of charity towards an elderly woman, who, it is presumed, cannot long survive the combined ravages of a bodily consumption and mental grief. By your sympathies, you may be able to soothe her in her pains, and to allay the pungent bitterness under which she appears to labor. No person, therefore, is so good a judge as yourself, whether your feelings will admit you to undertake the office proposed.” I replied—“My feelings promptly decide me to undertake all practicable duties, however self-denying, if I can impart comfort to any person. Setting aside these personal considerations, what do you advise me?” The Superieure here impertinently obtruded her remarks. “It is preferable for you to go, Louise; there are peculiar reasons which cannot now be communicated, to induce your compliance with this request.” Rohoircic pressed my hand, and to my inquiring look

silently bowed his head. Upon which I immediately answered—"De tout mon cœur, with all my heart. I shall be ready: when?" After a pause of consideration, Rohoirsic addressed the Superieure—"I shall be here in the morning at five. You will remember, that Louise must take with her all her books and personal conveniences." With a haughty air, the Superieure answered—"Certement, certainly. I shall take care that Louise is deprived of nothing which she desires to remove."

As soon as Rohoirsic had withdrawn, I was commanded with a forbidding chilliness to expedite my arrangements, and in the most perfect secrecy; that no person, except the Superieure, might know of my departure. Precisely at the hour, just before the dawn of day, my friend, your counsellor appeared. I presented the Superieure my adieu; and never since have I beheld her or the detested convent. On the third evening I was inclosed within the walls of the Nunnery at Trois Rivières. During the journey, Rohoirsic much gratified me by the information which he imparted. "You will be entirely unknown, Louise—he assured me—you are represented to the Superieure at Three Rivers, not as an excommunicated incorrigible apostate from their Church, to be scorned and loathed, but as a hereditary heretic to be pitied. Indeed your case is stated to be hopeless; but it is extenuated on account of very peculiar griefs, which have riveted your wrong opinions, so that although you are very sensible upon all other matters and inoffensive as a child; yet upon

the subject of religion, you are flighty, very stubborn, and consequently must be left alone. The Superieure has been apprized, that you never mention your opinions, unless other persons thoughtlessly introduce any objections to them; and upon this point she is cautioned upon no pretext, to have any intercourse with you. The lady also who wishes for your company has been instructed to believe, that you are naturally very kind, and that your acceptance of the proposal would prove, that you would not be insensible to her necessities and sorrows." I was received with much cordiality. My protector before he left the convent, thus addressed me—"You will inform the Superieure without hesitation of your wants; in the supply of which you will be amply indulged. Some trifles have been provided for you, which are already in your proposed apartment. I shall see you during the holidays—he kindly pressed my hand—till then, adieu!"

Since I was forced away from you, my brother, this was the commencement of the only truly peaceful part of the years which have elapsed. The journey had refreshed my spirits, and the change was otherwise beneficial. I encountered no vexatious interruptions. I was not encircled by discordant inmates. I received no insults. I was exempt from fatiguing duties, which were too laborious for my strength, and oppressive upon my spirits. And for a short season, I was in personal comfort and tolerable health. Often have I endeavored to transcribe my occasional memoranda; but the internal conflict produced almost too

much agitation for the task, so that you must be contented with a very imperfect detail. There are emotions which no genius can describe, and sympathies which no artist can depict. Whether the Superieure was truly acquainted with any part of my history, I could never ascertain. She was ever kind, but extremely guarded; and always conducted herself as if she was implicitly bound to comply with the directions of the Bishop and his Vicar-General, to whom she professed canonical obedience. Three days elapsed ere I was informed of the actual object of my transfer to Three Rivers. The Superieure requested my company, to walk with her in the garden of the convent to enjoy the serenity of a beautiful afternoon; and when we were entirely secluded in an alcove from all observation; she remarked—"I suppose, Louise, that you have been informed for what purpose you have been transferred to my care?" My reply was—"I understand that I have been requested to aid in alleviating the sorrows of a female valetudinarian." She then inquired—"Are you still willing to accept the office which your friend assigned you?" To this question, I answered—"I am desirous to know the precise duties which will devolve upon me. Any thing which I can do I shall willingly undertake, but I cannot assume laborious services for which I am incompetent." The Superieure subjoined—"Your only employ will be to attend upon the lady; and if you can effect that desirable object, to diminish her mysterious and deep-rooted sadness. In what method that can be most effectually secured,

is left to your judgment and experience. You will be at liberty to sleep in her apartment or not, at your option. A servant is expressly designated to wait upon you. The only injunction which I am commanded to enforce upon you is this—that you are neither to converse with the lady when the servant is present, nor to communicate either to her or even to me what your companion may confide to you.” I felt embarrassed with this condition, and replied—“I am inexperienced, and may want advice and assistance, to whom shall I appeal?” The Superieure remarked—“It is not possible that any circumstances can arise, which in this respect will require the interposition of a third person. In all cases which refer to her health, the attending physician will be consulted; and concerning your personal comforts, you will always recur to me, and I shall take care that not only every want shall be supplied, but all your wishes shall be fully indulged.” To this arrangement I consented; upon which she instantly arose, placed a letter in my hand, and as she was retiring, she added—“I shall join you in an hour—but remember inviolable secrecy must be maintained;” and she returned to the convent.

My attention was instantly directed to the seal and superscription, and I fancied that they were the same with which you and I had formerly been so molested. The conviction of their identity, as more accurate scrutiny confirmed my opinion, almost overpowered me with the portentous dread of some new indefinable calamity. Tears partially relieved me, and with as

much composure as I could assume, I commended myself to God, and earnestly implored his guidance and support in this novel perplexity. My mind was encouraged, and the recollection of his past goodness fortified me. I realized that worse evils than those which I already escaped, could not befall me; and the additional confidence which I reposed in your lawyer, as the instrument in the hands of Divine Providence to guard and superintend my welfare, strengthened me. You will easily sympathize with me, my brother, when you peruse the accompanying letter.

To LOUISE M.

“How shall I address you, Louise? On a former occasion when you received a letter from me, I was your tormenting persecutor, and your base unnatural betrayer; now, I am your penitent, broken-hearted mother!”

“Mother!” I involuntarily exclaimed with inexpressible tremor, for then in a moment, all the horrible past, with its inconceivably aggravated criminality, rushed into my mind—“Mother!” how I felt, what I thought, or even where I was, I could scarcely comprehend. All were so commingled in a species of temporary hallucination, that I know not what I said in my broken soliloquy of appalling surprise. It is well that no person could have heard me. The first consistent remembrance that I experienced, was the precious application to my soul of the Lord’s words recorded by the prophet Isaiah. “Can a woman forget her sucking

child, that she should not have compassion on her son? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee." It was a salutary cordial to my agitated heart; and at once infused the idea, that I was thus remarkably appointed to attend and support the enfeebled and dispirited woman by whom we had been ushered into the world. Dreadful, however, as were all the former scenes, and affecting as our first interview must necessarily be, yet I felt as if divested of a burden, and instantly adopted the resolution to submit to any thing for her sake, with the hope, by Divine grace, of being instrumental to her soul's welfare. Again I besought the Savior's blessing in the discharge of these unexpected duties; and then with tolerable calmness, pausing as my varied excitements impelled, I studied the remainder of your mother's letter.

She thus proceeded—"It is not necessary in this manner to inform you of any particulars with which you will afterwards become acquainted. Since our last separation, my life has been a term of wretchedness and alarm, justly merited, but almost too great to be borne. To alleviate agonies which have corroded my constitution, and which all other attempts to diminish have only embittered, I some time since proposed, that as lengthened life for me could not be anticipated, I might have you for my companion. With great difficulty the objections to this measure were vanquished. Not that the persons who have us in their bondage feel any concern for our comfort, but they are terrified at all idea of any possible mode existing by which

your past history shall be published. Diganu's rising character, and from his ascertained wealth, his superior influence in society, combined with the resolute opposition and unyielding measures of Rohoircic, have intimidated our enemies; for now, they are not less mine than your's!

My wishes were conveyed to the counsellor, with the reasons by which the plea was sanctioned. The chief argument urged against the design, except the fear of publicity, was this—that your avowed heretical opinions, as they are denominated, precluded all intercourse with you. Upon this point, I fully satisfied the Jesuits, that although I was profoundly ignorant of all that you believed and practised under the name of religion, yet I was not less filled with an unconquerable detestation of themselves and their priestcraft, their doctrines, superstitions, frauds, and pursuits; that this aversion had not been imbibed, as they well knew, from any person or book; but that it was the result of my own reflections in the deariness of my cell, amid the intervals of sickness and pain. As I was no longer deemed worthy of flattery and solicitation, all their terrifying artifices were tried in vain. I repelled them with their own weapons. When they attempted to affright me with their excommunication, I ridiculed a menace, all the horror of which they themselves had extracted: as they had often assured me, that it was only an instrument to manage the weak and silly populace, that they may be cajoled into a perfect acquiescence with their authority and injunctions. Sometimes they de-

nounced all the fires and tortures of purgatory and hell as my portion. My sole reply was a scornful retort, that they themselves had often said, that a future state was all a fiction, only propagated to fill a Priest's coffers with money and to terrify the ignorant multitude. Then they would declare, that no Masses should be said for my soul. My answer was this—"You yourselves admit that the Mass is a contrivance only of the Pretres to procure offerings from your stupid disciples; because you confess to each other your belief that it is impossible for any reasonable creature to credit the doctrine of transubstantiation; and that it was invented only to support the Priest's power over the foolish people, who are taught that you can make and eat your God whenever you please; and then you absolve each other for your shameless hypocrisy." Upon various occasions, they threatened me with everlasting burnings both body and soul at the future retribution. This I repelled, by assuring them that they had often taught us, and we all supposed their account to be true, that the doctrine of the soul's immortality, the resurrection of the dead, and a judgment to come, and in short, that all their pretended religion of Jesus Christ was only a profitable fable for the Pope and the Priests. But although I resolutely opposed all their attempts longer to govern me, yet I was actuated only by the spontaneous dictates of my own mind; for I cannot perceive, that a religion which transforms all society into a pleasure-house for the indulgence of a few Pretres, can be of any value; and my own experience led me to conclude, as they proclaim, that all their pretend-

ed religion is a fabulous imposture. My natural conscience, however, was still partially in exercise. I was tossed to and fro, as in a tempest. I could not undoubtingly admit, that there is no God, no eternity, and no difference between virtue and vice. I cannot now believe, that the wicked are equally good and estimable as the virtuous; and that when we die, all mankind are extinguished. In proportion as I was forced to deny the delusive doctrines of the Pretres and the Chaplain, my agony became intense. I reflected upon what I had been and what I had done. My mind was totally empty of all satisfaction, and I rejected all my former deceptions, with no truth to enlighten or direct me. All my ideas were fraught with fearful remorse and withering anguish; until a ray of light and hope glimmered over me, when the sudden impression first entered my mind to claim your attendance. I insisted, and they refused. I persevered, and they were obstinate. The Counsellor arrested their attention more pointedly to the object by co-operating with me. Finally it was arranged, that I should be removed to Three Rivers; and that you should meet me here. My chief motive, I confess, was selfish. I was anxious for an associate, in whom I could confide; and from whom, if possible, I might learn the way to true repentance, that I may die in feeble hope, if not in perfect peace. The Superieure knows nothing of our affairs, except that we are mother and daughter, and reputed heretics who must be indulged in our accursed errors, as the Priests name them. We are also characterized as two miserable half-crazy idiots, who for a long time have

been separated; but whose friends are so influential, that we must enjoy tender care and affectionate treatment. It was necessary that you should thus be apprised of our new relationship before you see me; and also of my desires, that you may not recoil with aversion, had you recognised your former most unnatural, treacherous and vile tempter. I can make you no atonement for the past, nor promises for the future; except that you will not find your detestable fellow-traveller to Jacques Cartier, in

Your repentant and sorrowful mother,

THERESE.

The Superieure returned to me before I had fully recovered my equanimity—"Have you any message or communication—she asked—for Therese?" In reply I stated—"Be so good as to inform her, that I shall prepare an answer to her letter, which shall be presented to you in the morning." After much deliberation, I sealed the sheet which you will peruse, my brother, with melancholy emotions. You will perceive that it is stained with my tears and marked with my blots. My agitated spirits did not permit me to dwell upon the shocking retrospect. Besides, our approaching interview and subsequent residence in the same apartments rendered all discussion superfluous, except those declarations which were adapted to prepare the mind of Therese for an amicable reception, and for future unreservedly candid intercourse.

TO THERESE.

“Your unexpected letter fills me with the utmost surprise, and excites the most contradictory emotions. To find a mother after having never known what that endearing word means ! but to discover my mother in you ! Had not so many other painful circumstances authorized your claim, the fact would be incredible. I cannot reproach you. I pity your anguish, and most willingly consent to try my feeble energies to relieve it. But I must insist, that unless you choose to detail your past history, so far, that I may be able to understand in what way most effectually to assuage your sorrows, I may not hear any illustrations of former events, except for the sake of Diganu. A penitent, heart-broken mother ! Ah, what do these epithets convey ? Yet I rejoice, if you are sorrowful, that you are repentant ; and I bless God, that “the sacrifice of a broken spirit and a contrite heart, he will not despise.” The chief point in your letter is the information, that you have rejected the Priest’s odious doctrines and criminal temptations ; then I may hope, with the Divine blessing, to be of some benefit to you : and gladly shall I consecrate my hours to promote your spiritual instruction and personal comfort. To be a blessing to you in your decline will be ample compensation for my past trials, afflictions, and disappointments. You represent yourself as a very different person in appearance from what you were when we last parted : and what is your Louise ? I am told by Rohoircic, that I am so altered, Diganu himself would scarcely recognise me. I shall submit myself entirely to your control, so far as is proper, and will

endeavor, by unceasing assiduity, to prove my entire willingness to serve you, while I am learning the lessons which appertain to a devoted, faithful, and affectionate daughter.

LOUISE.

The reply to my note was a verbal message by the Superieure—"Therese proposes to receive you this afternoon."

I knew not how to occupy the anxious and perplexing interval. If I attempted to read my otherwise most attractive author, he interested me not. My Bible, "more to be desired than much fine gold," could not fix my vagrant mind. Even prayer itself did not allay my feverish emotions. The hours elapsed in a round of capricious fancies which were destitute of every semblance of reality. When I was momentarily serious, or when actually offering the fervid petition to "the throne of grace," I was becalmed: but my roving imagination instantly passed again those rational boundaries, and left me bewildered in retrospective combinations, which you alone, Diganu, can accurately conceive. As the hour of our interview approached, I became more agitated and undeterminate how to speak or act. I could only trust in God for his indispensable aid and direction. At last, in excessive agitation, I was conducted to a door of a room by the Superieure—"this—said she—is Therese's apartment." With a languid palpitation of heart, I advanced; the door was closed, and for the first time, I was in the presence of my avowed mother.

NUNNERY AT THREE RIVERS.

How blest the Pilgrim who in trouble
Can lean upon a bosom friend—
Strength, courage, hope, with him redouble,
When foes assail, or griefs impend.

The Narrative of Louise next detailed the account of her residence at Three Rivers.

“Our ignorance of each other was mutual. So great was the dissimilitude between the woman who grasped me at Lorette and Therese in the Convent at Three Rivers, that I dared not speak. I could not admit the identity. We continued to gaze at each other in joint surprise. After a long and agitating pause, a voice scarcely human uttered—“Come near me; let me see if you are Louise indeed; let me look at my cross on your forehead.” The sound, although sepulchral, was the same. No lapse of years could obliterate the former words which she addressed to the Cure—“come here; look at this cross on her forehead!” For a moment, I almost fancied myself again in the Church at Lorette, writhing in all the agonies of that tremendous scene. “Fear not—she presently added—if you are my Louise, I shall instantly know you, although we

cannot recognise each other's person ; and I will soon prove to you that I was your guilty enemy at Lorette." Trembling, I obeyed the invitation, and knelt before her, who was seated in an easy chair. She threw back my hair, it was the same mysterious touch, kissed the cross, told me to rise, directed me to a drawer, and before my eyes was the very same dress which I wore at Lorette, and of which she had divested me immediately after our arrival at the General Hospital. All incredulity at once was extinguished. For some time, we both maintained a natural reserve, but it gradually disappeared. She realized in me a friend whom she had never before known, and I found in Therese, a tenderness which I suppose mothers only can feel and display. The first preliminary to be adjusted was the manner of addressing her. I could not adapt myself to use the term mother ; and she insisted, that I should call her Therese, being the only appellation to which she had been accustomed. "Besides—she remarked, weeping with great perturbation—I am not worthy of the respectful and endeared title of mother. It pre-supposes a relation which I never sustained to you, affections I have never yet experienced, and duties that I have not performed."

Amid all her dispiritude, Therese retained the Convent's acquired sagacity, although she had been enabled to discard its guile ; and consequently perceiving my genuine character, she exactly adapted her measures according to her views. She speedily ascertained that to unfold her own personal history in continuous de-

tail, would be objectionable to my principles and feelings, and therefore she determined to introduce the prominent facts of her life, as incidental illustrations of conversation, as they might successively arise. Our habits of living partook of all the uniform routine of the Nunnery, as our only relaxation was a walk in the garden, during which we were invariably attended by our servant.

Therese almost constantly developed the same heart-rending uneasiness, an uninterrupted bitter compunction for her past actions, an insatiable avidity to obtain saving knowledge, and increasing attachment to your Louise. Her bodily strength decreased almost imperceptibly, and was only manifested in the feebleness of her steps, and the gradual restriction of the length of our promenade. Until we became more unreserved, to read to her the Scriptures and my other books was my chief employ. Sometimes she would propound a question for information, when she apprehended a liability to mistake; but generally she was absorbed in her own meditations. The first exhibition of a wish for more familiar intercourse was a request, that I would communicate to her the particulars of my escape from the Pretre's house; and my subsequent history while a resident with you. "I have no wish, Louise—she added—to distress you by the recital. My only reasons for desiring you minutely to retrace your sufferings are these—that thereby I may more accurately understand your mental exercises, and also promote Diganu's welfare. I can gladden you by the assu-

rance of the latter ; and trust, that I shall learn something of the operations of conscience, from your detail of the manner in which truth irradiated your mind." I also observed, as the Scriptures became more impressed upon her thoughts, that her expressions of penitence were more consistent, and that she grew in correct knowledge of the genuine character and design of Christianity. Yet a soul-wringing tone of despair, and an ear-tingling expression of anguish were often mingled with all her penitential acknowledgements. While I applied the tender invitations of redeeming mercy to her condition, she repelled them. She thought that there was nothing in the sacred records which resembled her case ; and the volume of Divine love seemed, in her apprehension, to be only the authentic declaration of her doom to everlasting wo. In its doctrines, consolations, and examples, as revealed by the oracles of God, religion appeared too elevated. It did not in her estimate adapt itself to the peculiar self-abhorrence which she realized ; and it propounded no pattern of a person whose transgressions had been clothed with enormity similar to that which characterized her wickedness. Her sorrow for sin, therefore, produced no correct confidential petition for mercy. She dreaded the indignation of the Judge, and longed that his wrathful sentence should be averted ; but she could not admit the extension even of the God-like Saviour's mercy to such a heinous criminal. Upon considering this state of her mind, I thought that by distinctly unfolding my own spiritual maladies and the methods of cure, with apposite remarks, I might assist her judg-

ment, and obtain additional influence over her. But it was very difficult to decide upon the most efficient means at the most suitable periods. From internal disquietude and nervous irritability, combined with her varying corporeal alternations of strength and feebleness, and also from the remains of that artificial character which had previously belonged to her, Therese was occasionally captious; and although her attachment for me appeared stable and sincere, yet in the exhibition of it, she was sometimes exceedingly capricious. My inexperience was often non-plussed in overcoming her waywardness; and it was probably almost impracticable for her to subdue all those suspicions of my fidelity, which our extraordinary situation could not fail to excite. To remove these inauspicious feelings constituted another argument for my manifesting all possible sympathy with her, by compliance with her desires.

She was also very solicitous to ascertain how I began to doubt the infallibility of the Priests and their doctrines. This induced me to narrate my interview with the dying Marguerite. "Ah!—remarked Therese, when I had finished—her account was true. Frequently did she admonish me against my foolish opinions; but she did it so cautiously, that I could never find any thing to report to the Priests to her prejudice. She was blessed in her humble station, for as she had no money to bestow for masses, absolutions, and all their other Jesuitical impostures, they cared not for her attendance upon them, and thus she was despised as

beneath their scrutiny." I replied—"I did not understand from Marguerite, that she ever had cautioned and warned you as she did me." Therese answered—"Not at all. Had she told me thirty years before, the same things which she addressed to you, her life would have been the immediate forfeit." I instantly demanded—"How then, Therese, could she have admonished you against your false sentiments?" Therese rejoined—"She discovered my danger, without doubt, from the prior knowledge which she had acquired, and from the silly declarations that I made. I used to tell her that we must not offend the Holy Pretres. She would look grave, and ask me, 'whether is it better to please God or the Priest?' I would try to convince her that this was the same thing. 'I pity you, *ma chere*, my dear!—would she say—but suppose God commands any thing and the Priest forbids it; or suppose the Priest enjoins you to perform any action which God prohibits, in those cases you cannot please both those conflicting authorities.' But I would say, 'your supposition is impossible, because the Priest being infallible, can only tell us what God orders, and we can know what God directs only by the Priest's explanation and instructions.' At these absurd speeches she would be silent, or sometimes speak to herself, and often I thought, *maugre* all her endeavors to conceal it, that I saw on her countenance a smile of unbelieving contempt. I was then too ignorant and enslaved to comprehend her meaning; now I should know its purport." I answered—"When we correctly examine ourselves and our individual responsibility, it is most mortifying to human pride, and indeed almost incredi-

ble, that any persons can risk their eternal salvation upon such gross delusions." Therese inquired—"Did you never believe, Louise, that it is mortal sin to offend the Pretres?" To this question I replied—"Not exactly in all its extent. Before I had been fully trained, Marguerite had given me some gospel eye-salve which enabled me to inspect for myself. Hesitation followed; and the person who once begins to doubt the Priests' infallible supremacy, speedily rejects all their abominations. But was there no other point on which she spoke to you?" Therese said—"Yes, I remember once in particular; after I was boasting of having been absolved by the Chaplain of all my sins, both venial and mortal, that Marguerite asked me—'what is the difference between those kinds of sins?'—I could not define my own notions, which I had imbibed from the Priests; but my reply was to this effect—mortal sins are those which are done against the laws, power, and interest of our Holy Church; and all other offences are only venial sins which will be purified by the fire of purgatory." I inquired—"When you attempted to enforce upon me the belief of this blasphemous and polluting doctrine, did you really give credit to it?" With a groan, and sobbing which bespoke her internal agony, Therese rejoined—"Certainly, Louise. I was then so blinded by their deceitfulness, so infatuated by their artifices, so corrupted by habitual ungodliness, and so hardened by their infidelity, ceremonies, sins, confessions and priestly absolutions; that I could have perpetrated any crime and deemed it a virtue, if the Pretres had commanded me." I almost involuntarily exclaim-

ed—"Blessed be God, who redeemed my life from destruction for my marvellous deliverance!—but when you uttered this irrational distinction in your estimate of wickedness, did Marguerite make no remark?" Therese continued—"She cast upon me a scrutinizing look, doubtless to ascertain whether I was actually lost to all sense of female decorum, and reading in my features that some remains of innocence existed, she begged me not to think so lightly of sin before God, as to suppose, that the transgression of his commands could pass unpunished. I observed in reply—'the evil is done away by our own penance, the Pope's indulgences and the Priest's pardon.' She next demanded—'but what are the sins which can thus be remitted?' I answered—'O! I know not particularly; all that matter you know, the Priest explains when I go to confession!' Marguerite then said—'Very well; but suppose the Pretre should tell you that it is no sin to blaspheme God, to utter falsehoods, or to live unchastely, will you believe him?' I replied—'You know that if the Priest orders me to perform any action, then it loses all its sinful qualities.' She realized instantly, that I was well fitted for their most unholy designs." I answered—"After all that I have myself felt and heard upon this wretched subject, I can scarcely conceive, Therese, that this rule of action is seriously believed by any persons in their senses. The inclination to vice must have become ungovernable, before an opinion so clearly destructive of all morality can possibly be received by any rational beings; and then it must be avowed solely to palliate and justify

their sinful course." Therese responded—"Yet you must have undoubtedly been taught that fundamental doctrine of their Church; and had not Marguerite pointed out its gross offensiveness by the personal application to yourself, and had you been earlier exposed to all the contagion of seductive examples in the Convent, and to all the insuaring blandishments of the Chaplain and other Priests, without intermission, restraint, and counteraction; do you think, Louise, that you would have defied successfully every temptation and vanquished all their terrors?" My answer was—"I shudder at your disgusting picture, Therese, and adore the Sovereign and merciful Disposer of events, that I escaped the horrible abyss. But did Marguerite's indirect instructions shed no light upon your mind?" My trembling and weeping associate replied—"No, for I urged upon her, our duty to believe every thing the Priests tell us, and to do all that they say without the least hesitation. This I contended was the only source of our peace and safety." Here I interposed—"If Marguerite at that period believed as she did on her dying bed, I should think that so monstrous a principle must have been rejected by her."

"Listen, Louise—she added, with great agitation—Marguerite appeared to be deeply affected by my folly. 'I am a Christian woman—she remarked—and have never had the soundness of my faith disputed; but I cannot believe every thing I have been told. When a little child, did you not read the Book of Fables? But you never supposed, that the Wolf and the Lamb ac-

tually argued about the water flowing down the hill—she glanced at me with her well-remembered expressive and piercing eye—although I have often seen human wolves in sheep's clothing devour the innocent lambs.' Ah! Louise; now I bitterly know what she intended; and often since have I been harrowed and astonished that I did not comprehend her exactly appropriate allusion. Doubtless perceiving that in this covert manner I was impenetrable, she made another attempt; and gradually proceeded, until her attacks would have rescued me, had I not been so irrecoverably duped and blindfolded. "If a Priest should state to you—she inquired—that being duly commissioned and qualified by the Pope, he can abrogate the ten commandments, will you believe him?" To this startling question I answered—'I should suppose, that if I differ from him in opinion, my sentiments are incorrect!' She instantly remarked—'Then you would admit his interpretation of the Divine law to be true; though he flatly contradicted its only meaning and its plain express words?' This exposition rather staggered me, so that with some hesitation I replied—'Undoubtedly, Marguerite; because you know it is not for us to set up our judgment against our holy mother the Church, of which the Pretres are the ordained, infallible speaking tribunal.' Once more I interrupted Therese, and said—"That principle I know to be correct. I even fully assented to it as a general theory, after I had discarded it in its personal application to myself. This fact, therefore, is most convincing proof, not only of the great fallacy of that wicked claim, but also that the most obligatory rules of

moral rectitude are effaced by the Jesuit Priests. Our Lord Jesus gave us for his golden rule, 'all things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them': but I could permit the wolves to continue in their merciless ruin of the lambs, provided they did not rend me; and had not the revolting picture which Marguerite drew aided the undying impression, while I should have condemned the crime if perpetrated against myself, in reference to others, I should have justified the criminal." My companion added—"Had I then possessed the smallest particle of becoming feminine sensibility or of sound rational intellect, I must have glimpsed enough of my own foolishness, at least, to have guarded me against the direct assaults of unveiled iniquity; but I was so chained in their Jesuitical trammels, that nothing aroused me, until I was immured in seclusion and racked with pain; Of this truth you will be fully convinced, Louise, when I have communicated to you the remainder of Marguerite's circuitous instructions." She paused, and I further remarked—"These opinions were not all addressed to you upon one occasion, Therese, I think you said: how then was it possible for you to evade the influence of her counsel, when Marguerite's advice and cautions were presented to you at different times, and at distant intervals?" Therese answered—"Well may you ask that question;—but indeed I scarcely ever thought of Marguerite or of our conversations, except when I was present with her. I was too frivolous and gay; and was always impressed with the conviction, for so the Jesuits taught us, that all appearances of

greater gravity and less attachment for self-indulgence and youthful pleasures in the elder Nuns, were not the result of disinclination, but of satiety, or hypocrisy, or of incapacity from febleness or age to enjoy their former habitual dissipation." To this acknowledgment I subjoined—"Cela est vrai, that is true. I was often obliged to listen to that soul-destroying tale, until all that I knew of the world appeared as one vast mass of thoughtlessness and vanity. In the circle where the Pretres move, I believe, shocking as is the fact, that your statement is lamentably verified."

"Let me proceed, Louise—desired my companion—during one interview, and when probably from what she either saw or heard, Marguerite suspected, that I was on the verge of being sacrificed, she again introduced that important subject. Apparently as a matter only of curiosity, she inquired—'are you of your former opinion respecting the believing and doing of every thing exactly as the Priests desire or command?' I promptly said—'Yes!' The old woman retorted—'Eh bien, well; suppose a heretic should declare to you that the Church is a theatre, and the Priest and his assistants are only actors, and that every Sunday you and all the people go there to see a farce performed, will you believe him?' I rejoined—'Marguerite, how can you ask such a silly question? do you think that I could be imposed upon by so stupid and contradictory an assertion?' she immediately answered—'Pout du tout, not at all; but suppose the Pretre should tell you, that the Church is a chestnut, and that all the people

who go into it are the kernel ; and that one hundred millions of people had cracked the same nut and eaten the same kernel, many times annually during eighteen hundred years past ; that he who built the church was eaten up in the nut before he laid the foundation stone ; and that although, according to the Pretre's account, the kernel of the nut, that is, the church, the builder and the people have been eaten up eighteen hundred thousand millions of times, yet the architect, the church, and the people remain the same, and that every Roman Priest has the power to change the church and people of his parish into a nut and eat them, and yet multiply them every day, so that all the people can swallow themselves and their neighbors at any time in every parish throughout the world, whenever any Priest pleases ; and thus that every single man or woman, or boy or girl who can crack the nut, can not only devour himself, but also all the Churches and congregations upon the earth, at the same time, and as often as the person chooses to pay the Pretre for producing this wonderful change, and making such a nut, will you believe him, Therese ?" inquired the arch Marguerite. As I had not the smallest idea in what way the parable could be applied, my answer was very brief—"No Pretre will affirm such nonsense." Little did I then imagine that the corner stone of their priestcraft is unspeakably more false and incredible. However, I am now convinced of the truth of Marguerite's deduction, that if we are bound to believe a Jesuit implicitly in one thing, merely on account of his priestly office, then we are obliged to submit and to trust to him in all. Thus

it is of no consequence, whether we bow down to the moral obliquities which he teaches and enforces, or to the fraud of purgatory, the blasphemy of transubstantiation, and the idolatry of the Mass. In answer to my short sentence, Marguerite said—'but if you must believe and perform all the Priest's words, where will you stop? if his control over your faith, and practice, and conscience be unbounded, how can you justly dispute his infallible authority, whether he teaches truth or error, sense or nonsense, virtue or vice, piety or irreligion?'"

"One might suppose—I remarked—that no person of common rationality would subscribe to these insulting opinions, did not our own observation, and alas! our own experience testify, that under the influence of vicious propensities, the heart and mind of man may be induced to receive any doctrine, however base and preposterous, if it sanctions the desired indulgence of the inordinate passions." Therese added—"I am convinced that this is the only true solution of the difficulty. Ignorance of all sublime truth naturally engenders the predominance of the most grovelling errors, which become palatable by their congeniality with the objects of sense; and when aided by the endless variety of stratagems, with which, as you were reading to me the other day from Christ's words, a Jesuit, if it were possible, would deceive the very elect; these sensual inclinations dispose the mind to remove all the grand moral distinctions, and especially when gilded over by the plausible distinction, which exists, as the Roman Priests pretend, between mortal and venial sins. Thus it was with

me. Marguerite perceived that I was dumb, when she asked me—'how can you dispute the Priest's infallible authority?' She thus proposed to awaken my seared conscience by that exciting question. Instead of which effect, it operated upon me as an opiate; for as I could not instantly say, in what points I would venture to resist the claims of the Jesuit Priests, I concluded that no exception could justly be made. Marguerite observed my unwary mental acquiescence with the principle which she opposed, and resolved to impel the arrow of conviction as far as she dared without risking her own safety. 'Will you break any one of the commandments in the decalogue—she again inquired—because a Priest tells you that your disobedience is a venial sin? or will you bear false witness, steal other people's property, or commit murder, if you can do it, secretly, because your Pretre entices you to do it and promises you his absolution?' Proposed in this form, the opinion which I had avowed did not appear defensible; and yet I perceived no alternative, mortal sin must be committed, or the Priest must be confided in and obeyed. However I answered her—'obedience to our confessor is the first law of the Church; and if I err by obeying the Priest, he will have to bear the punishment!' Marguerite replied—'Ah! ma chere, my dear; if one child at school induces another to act wrong, the teacher corrects both; and although the tempter is generally more corrupt and criminal than the tempted, yet the latter is amenable for his own transgression, and bears his own stripes.' This doctrine was too evidently true to be evaded by any sophistry. I could therefore only repel its force by assert-

ing—Your principle does not apply; for it cannot be supposed that the holy priests will be permitted either themselves to fall into error, or to teach it to others.' The melancholy view which Marguerite took of my approaching degradation emboldened her finally to ask me—'should a Priest be inclined to violate his vows and solicit you to indulge him, by persuading you that the transgression of the two commandments respecting chastity is a venial sin, which he can pardon; what will you do, Therese: will you consent to his wicked lawless desires?' I felt embarrassed; but was not convinced and remained silent. 'Do you not know added Marguerite—that these things are continually done?'—I answered her not a word. From your statement she accurately divined the cause of my silence; for although not then actually a guilty participant of their criminal intercourse; yet I was completely entangled and bewitched with their licentious revelry. My principles and feelings were thoroughly poisoned; and from all that I had seen or heard or been taught, it appeared undeniable, that the natural consequence of a girl's possessing any alluring qualities, and of attaining a certain age, was that she must submit to the Priest's wanton caresses, and become the solace of his unnatural and ruinous celibacy."

"I have additional reasons to adore the Divine majesty—I remarked—for his abundant goodness in preserving me from the pit in which so many others have been intrapped." Therese rejoined—"It was always a mystery inexplicable to us, by what means you had

become so thoroughly armed against the Pretre's wiles ; for one of the most pernicious evils connected with monastic life is this—that those who already have been insnared, are made the shameless tools to grapple fresh victims. The immediate separation of the mother from her infant, except in very peculiar cases, destroys all tender sensibilities, and the callous effrontery of the Nuns, as you have awfully witnessed—here she beat her bosom and wrung her hands, as if in a momentary frenzy—render them peculiarly qualified instruments to carry on the crafty designs of the Priests, in the dreadful work of female seduction and ruin.”

“These conversations directed me in my efforts to enlighten and impress my companion's conscience. I clearly perceived that she was still very defective in reference to the spirituality of God's law and the malignity of sin. These I determined therefore should constitute my primary points. But Therese, although a dull, was not an unwilling pupil. All her moral apprehensions had so long been confounded and stupified, that it was difficult to engage her mind to receive any thing unless through the medium of sense. From her I imbibed a practical knowledge of the vast labor which is requisite to turn an old sinner from the error of her ways. She was not an example of profound ignorance: but her mind had always been habituated to erroneous conceptions of every thing connected with the human character in our relation with God. Her whole life from premature womanhood had been a ceaseless routine of a loathed, because tiresome and unmeaning

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ceremonial of pretended worship ; flagrant violations of the divine law, and the use of the most pernicious methods to harden conscience and deaden all moral sensibility. My own experience, although not impregnated with so many morbid mixtures, led me to introduce to her attention those parts of the Scriptures, which avowed the authority and sanctity of the divine government, and especially those passages which unfolded in the most pointed and impressive manner, the omniscience and omnipresence of God. I had found the truth of the adage, "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom ;" and I had also experienced that the quickenings of that fear are peculiarly vivified by the remembrance of him to whom "all things are naked and open." To these spiritual subjects, Therese was lamentably insensible. She had never known any object of worship, except through the carnal visible images and idols of her mummery ; and although from having long derived no satisfaction by worshipping them ; and from the Holy Spirit operating to unfold to her the folly of trusting in nothings, which can neither see, hear, feel nor assist, she had discarded the external objects of her superstitious rites ; yet her mind had not found the Great Supreme, as the sole basis of confidence ;—as the Apostle Paul expressed her state, "she had turned from her idols, but *not* to serve the true and living God."

While residing with you, my brother, I ascertained, that the only effectual method to dissipate the mists of error in which I had been educated, was the endeavor to obtain the rays of the sun of righteousness, by a

stedfast perusal of the sacred volume. So sudden and bright was the refulgence of the gospel, I could scarcely believe that the book which I had procured was genuine. I had to undergo a similar but more tedious period of partially doubting amazement with your mother. Therese could not conceive, if the Bible is true, how the Priests dared to restrain the common people from perusing its holy instructions. This scruple I vanquished by proving to her, that there is not one doctrine peculiar to Popery which can be found, or which is not directly prohibited in the scriptures; and that it is evident, therefore, the Priests forbid the study of the Old and New Testament, lest their idolatrous and corrupt practices should be exposed, and themselves, with their priestcraft, be rejected. It was more difficult to convince her, that the Pretres wilfully distorted the sacred oracles, thereby to enforce their treacherous impositions upon the souls of men. She detested the Jesuits whom she had known; but it was not so much for their dreadful frauds and unholiness, as on account of the personal miseries which she endured, either from her past connection with them or through their direct instrumentality. In respect also to her own individual sins, she seemed more disposed to impute them to the instigations of the Roman Priests, than to her own choice, and willing participation. Thus her mind was shielded in a double delusion almost impenetrable; and she realized not the feeling implied by the Psalmist—
 “I acknowledge my transgression, and my sin is ever before me. Against thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight.”

Sometimes I became almost impatient, when I discerned how slowly her mind received the plainest dictates of revealed truth. Her objections, however, gradually became weaker. I found the words of Christ very beneficial for my assistance, "search the Scriptures;" and I argued, that the Savior's authority was paramount to that of all inferior teachers; and that although I had encountered great obstacles to understand them, yet by patient assiduity and humble sincere prayer, I had found, that "whatever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that through comfort of the Scriptures we might have hope." Often did I read to her the penitential Psalms, and the chapters of ancient history which record the lamenting confessions of Patriarchs and Prophets; especially those which directed our meditations to the degeneracy of human nature, the lost and ruined condition of man by sin, and the corruption of our own hearts whence all sin flows. On these occasions, she would sometimes stop me, and think. Although little conversation then occurred between us; yet I frequently reminded Therese, that the word of God to be beneficial must be personally applied; and if its doctrines and examples and commandments are not thus enforced directly upon our own consciences, all its important instructions will be of no permanent advantage.

There was also a wandering inattention in Therese which often disconcerted me; but I had counted the cost of my services and patience. I beheld a woman emaciated, enfeebled by a lingering malady, wretched,

agonized with most tormenting fear, enshrouded in the deepest mental gloom, and agitated by a tempest of conflicting passions. Although I had received from her many, and the utmost injuries which she possibly could inflict; and although she had dishonored every feminine characteristic, and severed all the endearing bonds of common humanity; yet she was forlorn, despised by the instigators of her crimes, and claimed my compassion. She possessed an immortal soul, and it was my duty to use all appointed means, under the Divine blessing, for her salvation: and she was my mother! and she was your mother, my dear Diganu; and her wicked ways had not exonerated me from my duty as her daughter, much less as a Christian. These considerations animated me to persevere. I could not forget my own past ignorance, my former danger, my marvellous rescue, and my present privileges and consolations. Therefore I constantly supplicated for wisdom to act aright, and for full success to my feeble exertions. Knowing the danger of bewildering her mind, and aware that until Therese correctly apprehended something of the Divine character and attributes, and until she also felt that his "law is holy, and his commandments holy, just, and good," I should be only "as one who beateth the air;" as much as possible I restricted myself to these two subjects. Occasionally I adverted to Marguerite's evangelical understanding of the genuine effects of saving knowledge upon the soul. I selected some examples from the sacred word, and also different corroborating testimonies from the volumes which I possessed to the same effect; and at length, to

my great delight, I discovered that her conscience began to yield to the light and the truth. Sometimes Therese would inquire—"how is it possible that such great coincidences in experience and language can exist among persons of different ages and countries?" This fact naturally led me to urge the universal suitability of the Bible to the wants of all mankind; and to argue that the identical effect of pure Christianity in all persons, however otherwise unknown, was an undeniable proof of its divine origin and bestowment. I also perceived that she was often affected with devotional expressions, particularly if they implied intense feeling, and aversion to mental disquietude; and she would frequently use David's figure, that "the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice." Yet I could discover nothing of a direct tendency to that avowal of contrition accompanied by the exercise of faith and earnestness of prayer, which I so anxiously longed to witness. When persons have wandered so far, not only from the pathway of righteousness, but also from all natural decorum, and have violated every powerful and salutary restraint of conscience which the Judge of the quick and the dead has appointed for the order and comfort of man; if in mercy they are awakened on the verge of the precipice, whence they might plunge into the abyss of eternal wo, it seems to be the appointment of infinite wisdom and love, that they shall usually feel their steps with caution, as they retrace their course to "the strong hold." One hope often composed my mind. Without any hesitation, Therese would feelingly confess that she was among the chief of sinners. I also

knew that much of her criminality had flowed from ignorance and unbelief ; and although lest she might be tempted to deceive herself with a fallacious hope, I never adverted to this special point in the Apostle Paul's confession, yet from it I was encouraged to pray, that the faithful saying might be fulfilled in her believing and appropriating acceptance.

During many weeks it would be easier to describe her state by negatives, rather than by affirmatives. She had not, as I conceived, evangelically repented ; but her conscience was entended. She did not believe in the Lord Jesus Christ ; but she totally rejected all other dependence for salvation. She was not a fruitful servant of the Redeemer ; but she no longer trampled upon his rightful authority. She could not forget the unsatisfying pleasures which she had so long and ardently pursued ; but she had imbibed an utter repugnance to all her iniquitous practices. She had not received the pure gospel, partly from the uneasiness which she felt in submitting to its yoke ; but she utterly disowned the merciless tyranny of the Jesuit Priests. She was exactly like a traveller without a guide in a desert ; where to stand still is impossible, but to move is to storm every conceivable danger. Gradually however, her peevishness was less distressing. Her temper was amended, and her remarks upon religious topics became more frequent and more scriptural. Whether this was the result of our seclusion from the world, or our attention to the books which I read to her, or to any

effectual application of divine truth to her own peculiar state, I could not decide. I hoped the latter ; but I rejoiced with trembling. One thing, however, rather astonished me. She appeared to manifest less anxiety to know my own personal history ; and the subject was scarcely ever adverted to, except to ascertain how I felt at the different periods when she was present with me ; thereby to explore another trait in our varied recollections, that she might comprehend all the operations of Divine truth upon our minds. These cursory investigations being spontaneous gratified me, because they indicated an inquiring mind ; and certified, that the hours of silence and of our separation were not totally unprofitable.

On the last day of December, after I had read aloud some of the Psalms, and a passage from one of my authors adapted to the end of the year, Therese addressed me—" I know not, Louise, how exactly to account for the fact, but I have never known so agreeable a time in my life, as the weeks which have elapsed since you came to Three Rivers." My reply was—" I rejoice if I have been able beneficially to serve you, and to show you what I might have been, if other circumstances had controlled our mutual destinies." Therese answered—" That subject may be discussed upon some other occasion ; my object now is to remind you, that to-morrow we may expect to see Roboircs, and I shall be pleased to tell him of your great kindness to me." I again remarked—" I have not forgotten, Therese, that he has never yet disappointed me :

and he knows, that no day in the year has been so anxiously desired as the first. It has been always, since my separation from Diganu, a day of comfort in my own mind, and of gratitude to God; and although my friend did not absolutely engage to see me on any particular day, but during the holidays, yet I hope that the morrow in a peculiar degree will be a day of peace." Therese rejoined—"Vous avez raison, you are right, I do not, I cannot expect, indeed I have no right to look for a day of comfort, or to be at peace; but I feel sincerely thankful to God, I trust, for sending you to me; and if I am not stronger in health, that I am improved in knowledge, and clearer in principles, than at the end of the last year. My expectations, Louise, are very contracted. I cannot even lift up my eyes unto heaven. I can only cry—'God be merciful to me a sinner'; and yet twelve months ago, I had no knowledge of myself, nor can I truly say that I ever desired thus to be made rightly sensible of my guilt and danger, and to obtain delivering grace."

I know not exactly how I felt at these hopeful avowals. I could only silently pray that the Lord would begin the good work, if it was not savingly commenced; and if the incorruptible seed by the word of God had been implanted, that he would carry it on until the day of Jesus Christ. Therese was watching me. Whether my lips moved, I know not; but she saw my repressed emotions of satisfaction and interest in her humble and artless acknowledgments. "Louise—she said, with great pathos—I am not acquainted with these

very important concerns—you are. Pray for me, as you do alone for yourself; and give thanks to God; that we may end this year, seeking his mercy, and imploring an increase of good for the New Year." She had never before requested me to pray, nor did I feel qualified to be a devotional leader for another; but who could resist such an appeal, at that season, and from our humbled, contrite mother? From that period, your Louise ceased not to offer her daily prayers and supplications, making our joint requests with thanksgiving known unto God.

True to his hour, on the morning of the New Year, Rohorsic entered, and congratulated us on our apparent comfort with each other. Having pleased Therese and delighted me by assuring us of your prosperity, he departed, accompanied with our blessing and regard, while we mutually rejoiced, that his intervention to settle us in the same habitation had been attended with such propitious effects. One of the consequences of the counsellor's visit was unexpected. Speedily after, Therese requested me to recount the manner of my escape from the Pretre's residence; and I think, during our whole intercourse, that nothing seemed to gratify her so much respecting our temporal concerns as my narrative. "It was not to that wretched woman, Guise's fears only, that you owed your safety in part—Therese remarked—but also to the Jesuit's anxieties. He knew that it would be impossible long to detain you without a public exposure. His visit to Quebec was therefore to arrange a proper place for your reception: but have you no suspi-

tion who that Priest really is?" My reply was—"No; I never could form any idea of the place or his name." I know not which of us developed the strongest shivering, when, with a tremulous voice, scarcely audible, and concealing her face with her shawl, she uttered the short but frightful sentence—"That Priest is the father of Diganu." This electric evolution of a labyrinth of terrific mysteries was indubitably hurtful to my bodily energies. From that shock I never recovered. However, it destroyed at once all the prior aversion which I had constantly experienced to become acquainted with the history of our mother. Had her strength admitted her to have written her dreadful tale, I should rather have perused than heard it; but as that labor was not feasible on her part, I resolved if possible to ascertain all that it might be proper for me to know of her past life in conversation; as I judged, however repulsive and awful might be the disclosures which she could make of her sinful course, that all her other sins could not possibly transcend in enormity the single atrocious wickedness which she had thus avowed. There I saw the effect which her most unexpected communication had produced. With her comparatively blunted sensibilities, she had not nicely comprehended how I should feel; but as she afterwards stated, the harrowing fact was disclosed to me, expressly that I might be more anxious to know her biography, as well as our own in connection with her's, and as of unspeakably higher importance, that I might be able to administer spiritual knowledge to her, exactly adapted to her necessities. Provisionally, my brother, you were sent to our assist-

ance. I directed Roboircic to transmit me some books, the value of which I knew not except by reference. But I gave him a *carte blanche*, with my earnest prayer that you might be directed by the Holy Spirit to send me those volumes, which with the Scriptures should make your mother wise unto salvation. I carefully studied every book before I read it to Therese, that I might not unintentionally mislead her. When you again examine those precious memorials, you will perceive how attentively your Luther, your Calvin, your Claude, and your Saurin have been scrutinized; and you will rejoice to be assured, that their illumination irradiated and consoled the close of our earthly pilgrimage.

The hideous information, which had been so concisely but impressively conveyed to me, produced no derangement of our intercourse upon other subjects; but for some days, not a syllable of a personal reference was exchanged. We talked of man and his corruption; of sin and its deformity; of the hardness of the human heart; of the infinite compassions and wonderful forbearance of God; of the preciousness of the Saviour; of the necessity of regeneration; of the contrasts between an obdurate sinner and an evangelical Christian; of the value of the soul; and of the sublimely unutterable feelings connected with a just view of the resurrection morn;—and it is a cause of gratitude, that we were enabled occasionally to forget ourselves in these soaring ethereal contemplations. Although solicitous to hear more of Therese's wayward-

ness so far as it concerned ourselves, yet I almost shuddered at the anticipated narrative. She perceived my sudden excitement, whenever a remark approximated the boundary between the actual past of guilt and the present reality of compunction, and therefore sagaciously adopted the only mode by which probably the repulsive subject eligibly could have been resumed. Some circumstance originating in our temporary feelings had led our conversation to the subject of human mortality, and its momentous consequences. There had been an indistinct allusion to the possibility of a future personal recognition of each other by earthly associates. On this point, Therese had before declared me a visionary; but she then selected the interesting theme as a key to the elucidation of all the secrets of our earthly existence. "I suppose, then—said Therese—although you may never see your brother Diganu any more upon earth, you expect to meet him again in heaven?" Well did she appreciate how the recollection and mention of you ever operated as an unfailing cordial to my perturbed spirits. I unhesitatingly replied—"Can I doubt it? Shall we possess less discernment, knowledge, and Christian affection in the invisible world of light and perfection, than in this gloomy vale of deficiency and sin? Is not paradise revealed to us as the general assembly and church of the first born who are written in heaven, the spirits of just men made perfect? and I confidently believe Diganu will be there; and I hope with you, Therese, to enjoy that sanctified undying communion of which on earth we have been deprived."

“If your interpretation of the Scriptures be true, the anticipation is probable—your mother answered—and you think that you will meet him with no other emotion than inconceivable ecstasy.” My reply was this—
“Assuredly, the imperfections and the dross of our sinful nature thence will be excluded; and in the elevation of celestial sanctity, we shall be conscious of nothing but the most refined and rapturous bliss.” My companion inquired—“You mean, I suppose, that congenial persons who have always lived and loved in the reciprocal interchange of the purified affections and benevolence of Christianity, may thus anticipate a blessed meeting?” I responded—“No; I think the doctrines of Scripture make no exception. Lazarus could not personally have known Abraham, and yet from our Lord’s infallible delineation, we must suppose; that the disembodied beggar realized the very essence of love, communion, and enjoyment with the beatified patriarch.” These rejoined—“Even admitting this consolatory truth in reference to persons who have never known each other, but who had walked through life quickened by the same grace and in a congenial spirit, how will it affect those, who, although subsequently penitent and converted have had no opportunity to redress the wrongs which they had done, and to make reparation to those whom they had injured?”—I did not perceive the point to which this conversation was naturally tending. But deeming the question to be only of a general character, I observed—“The nature of our spiritual existence, and even of our relations in the New Jerusalem, is beyond our present apprehensions; but

all who are admitted into that state are absolutely divested of every alloy, and consequently the evils of earth no longer will be sources of pain. I have sometimes fancied that by a mysterious process now incomprehensible to us, even the recollection of prior evil may be obliterated from the memory of glorified saints. This, however, is not an article of faith; nevertheless, it may be useful to render more odious that corruption which is the source of all our present anguish, and which, if not removed by efficacious grace, will exclude us from never-ending felicity." Therese remarked—"Eh bien, well! then I presume, Louise, that you would feel no diminution of the joys of paradise to meet me there." I answered, with manifestly more tenderness and ardor than ever your mother had before witnessed in me—"Oh, no! it is now my daily solace, that I trust I shall be spared to witness your assurance of hope and your peaceful removal to the city of the living God." This effusion of my affectionate feelings was decisive. Therese was completely overcome. After a long pause she stretched her arms, lifted her eyes to heaven, and with the deepest fervor and pathos cried out—"God of mercy, bless my Louise! how can I atone for the miseries that I have inflicted upon her? how can I express my gratitude to thee, for the comfort of her presence in my solitude and affliction?" She sunk into a species of reverie. "Do you think it possible, Louise—at length she asked—that I shall ever meet you in heaven; or that you can forget what I have been to you?" There was a resistless melting of soul in her tone and manner which overpowered me;

and it was some time before my feelings permitted me to reply—"I trust that we shall meet in heaven; and I have no doubt that then I shall not remember any of the painful occurrences to which you allude?" With the most impatient avidity she inquired—"How can you make that appear?" I thus answered her question. "Very easily. We have been acquainted, Therese, scarcely six months in this convent, and my present sensations towards you are as different from those which harrowed my bosom, when I read your letter in the garden, as the recoil from a serpent is unlike to the embrace of a friend."

Your mother had conducted me to the very point, where our conversation had imperceptibly tended. After a short pause, in which we had been meditating upon that change in our mutual relations, which our joint unpremeditated avowals had unfolded, she glanced me with expressive solicitude and tenderness, and again asked—"Do you sincerely believe that you will meet Diganu in the paradise of the blessed?" I replied—"All that I once knew of him, and all which Rohoircic has since so imperfectly stated, convinces me that upon Christian principles, such a confidence may securely be indulged." Therese impatiently inquired; "Then if I should be there as you wish, how will your brother meet *me*?" I instantly discerned how adroitly Therese had completed her design; but it was too late to retract, and I was obliged to narrate my history from the period of my departure from Lorette until the day of our wretched separation. The story

was beneficial to our mother. From it she derived encouragement. In unfolding my pungent exercises, she saw a reflection of her own agonized feelings; and by the slow advances which I made in the acquisition of saving knowledge, she was supported with the hope that her personal attainments were not fruitless; while in the confidence, that the incorruptible seed had been formed in your heart, my dear Diganu, she expressed unfeigned gratitude to the Friend of sinners. The varied subjects, which flowed from this review of my life while I resided with you, furnished a plentiful source of thought and investigation. Our subsequent intercourse, however, was very irregular. Frequently our dialogues were little more than question and answer, or a remark en passant, as I read the Scriptures or some author whose remarks interested us. Only when neither of us was depressed by our languor and nervous feelings, did we appear temporarily to forget ourselves, our situation and our debility.

“Louise—said the sufferer one day, as I was reading to her Massillon’s sermon, ‘sur les Elus’—I cannot comprehend how any persons can know that they shall be saved.” In reply I observed—“Of all our mental exercises, and of all our religious experience, the inquiries connected with this anxiety are the most interesting and important.” Therese remarked—“So I now feel; and the eloquent discourse which you are reading induces me to interrupt your progress, that I may understand by what means you have been enabled to speak so confidently upon that point.” My

answer was—"I do not know how to explain this subject, unless I retrace my own convictions and experience." Your mother rejoined—"That is exactly my meaning. I seem to apprehend better the nature of truth when it is embodied in the personal exercises ; and when you say, thus I thought, and felt, and acted, it impresses my mind with double force ; because it gives to the illustration of doctrine all the weight of credible testimony." I subjoined—"Already I have intimated to you, Therese, that eighteen months, or more, elapsed from the time of Marguerite's communications until the beginning of my residence with Diganu. The whole of that period was a time almost of darkness. I learned to detest the grosser iniquity which passed before me ; but I had no opportunity or means to acquire the evangelical substitute. I abhorred the hypocrisy and the licentiousness of the Jesuits, and their abandoned associates in crime, but I knew nothing of Christian sincerity and the holiness of the gospel. All the attempts to convince me, that after death man is no more, were unavailing. My soul revolted from the idea of living in sensuality, and then to be annihilated. A dawning of light came upon my mind respecting the reality of Purgatory, and the worship of saints and images ; but I do not remember that my doubts led to any essential result. My disbelief of the Mass was more influential ; for Marguerite, in the form of two questions, had given me a theme for constant examination. Incidentally she had mentioned something about confession and going to Mass at Easter—do you think ; asked the dying Christian ; that the holy Sa-

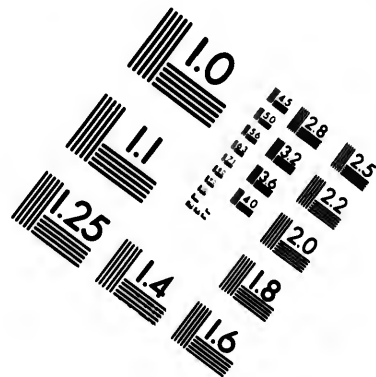
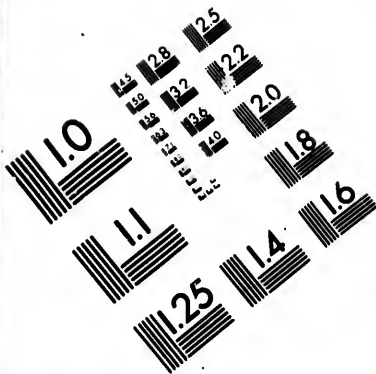
viour would permit himself to be handled by the vilest sinners in the world? Can you believe that such wretches as the Jesuit Priests whom I have described to you are able to turn a morsel of dough into their God, and then swallow the Almighty?" Therese suddenly interposed—"Well, indeed that is extraordinary. In my worst days, that very notion sometimes came into my mind; but it only hardened my conscience. It induced me to esteem and even delight in the opinion, that all the pictures of Purgatory and the Jesuit's terrific denunciations about the future hell, were only a phantom, and that religion itself was their own cunning artifice and priestcraft. But go on with your story."

"The influence of this question was great and permanent—I continued—because it led me to understand something of the monstrous absurdities of their system, to which we were required to assent upon pain of anathema, and which sentence of excommunication, I have no doubt, often constitutes the excuse for the secret murder of their abused victims, when they no longer delight the Priests." Therese, with a most expressive and melancholy countenance, nodded her assent. "Marguerite paused for my answer, I added—'I must not dispute our holy mother the Church—was my reply—you know the Priests teach us, that this is a deep mystery not to be pryed into by the common people, but only to be believed and adored.' The old woman rather pettishly retorted—"Nonsense; if a Jesuit tells me that he can change the river into a horse, must I believe him? and when to prove it, he has mumbled

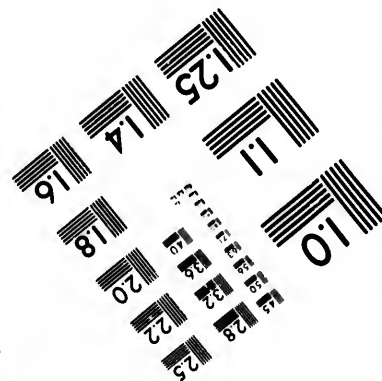
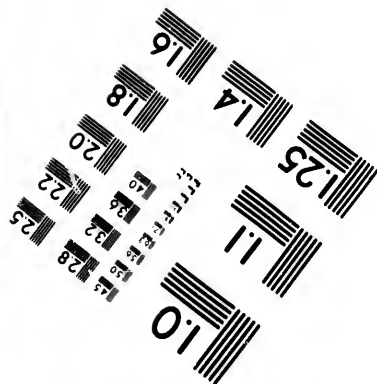
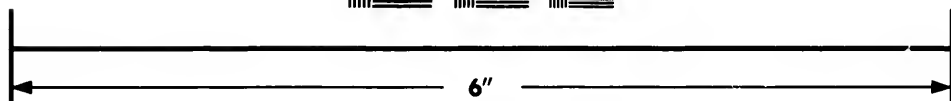
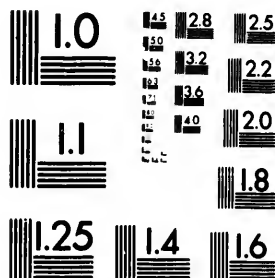
over some Latin which I neither hear nor understand, am I to admit his assertion to be true, although I see the river flowing before my eyes, and can drink its water as usual? Ah! ma chere, my dear; they deceive you, and unless you take care, you will find that wicked infidels who talk and perform such blasphemy concerning God, with more impudence, will avow and practise their beastly principles respecting women." Therese hastily remarked—"Marguerite well understood the subject. Her inference was correct. Persons who can be seduced to profess as their belief, that a shameless Roman Priest can make the Lord Jesus Christ for us to eat, can be taught to affirm every absurdity and corruption. As a natural consequence, when we are assured that the Jesuit holds our destiny in his hands, to insure his favor, we submit to all that he wishes and orders. This I wofully know to be true; but what was the result in your own meditations?" To this question I replied—"I was in continual perplexity, not so much from the doctrinal contradiction which she adduced as from its application: but I could never afterwards separate the ideas which she thus had combined. I was assuredly convinced, that it demanded less effrontery to seduce a thoughtless girl, than to propound as the fundamental article of religious faith, a blasphemously utter impossibility. The scenes which I had witnessed, the opinions which I heard, the attempts to corrupt my own principles, my aversion to the hypocritical course of life continually around me, the contrasts between demureness and levity, profession and practice, guilt and

absolution, and the recollection of Maguerite's picture of conventual life, all convinced me of her veracity, and I tacitly admitted that the Priest's system and doings are equally detestable ; but I had no truth and no sancity as an equivalent. Long before we went to Jacques Cartier, I had secretly rejected the adoration of images and the invocation of saints, except when I was obliged to join with others in the ceremonial ; but then I was an infidel, for I used no other worship. My situation, however, may be briefly described as a state of desire. I perceived the gross darkness and danger of my previous condition, and I longed for light and deliverance. That I had gone astray as a lost sheep, I clearly ascertained : but how to discover the right path I knew not ; nevertheless, it was my constant solicitude. Without exactly comprehending my object, doubtless I often silently prayed for right instruction ; and I distinctly recollect, that I realized a restless anxiety to read that Bible, of which Marguerite had spoken. Thus the time passed ; if I did not understand truth and goodness, that I might love and enjoy them ; I very clearly discerned that which was grossly erroneous and evil, and the curse of them, I determined resolutely to avoid." Your Mother remarked—"In many points, I can understand these exercises. Some of these feelings which you have specified have been my own ; only combined with other sensations, which you happily can never know. I cannot say that I have possessed the great desire of which you speak, neither had I some time since the faintest glimpse of the true light ; but I perceived that all which I had believed





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to be true was false, and that my whole life was an odious tissue of atrocious criminality. Ah! what fires of misery did the review enkindle in my bosom—and laying her hand on her heart with most affecting emotion—they are not yet extinguished; but thanks be to God! *these* were not intertwined with *your* other sufferings. You had not the gnawing worm of sleepless remorse to add horror to your gloom, and an agonized conscience thundering wo and despair both asleep and awake—and clasping her hands, after a long pause, amid convulsive shuddering, she faintly articulated—“God be merciful to me a sinner!”

“Ah, Therese!—I answered—every heart knoweth its own bitterness. I cannot unfold to you what I felt, what for a long time I realized, and what even now frequently agitates me, when I recur to that eventful night, in which Diganu and Chretien so providentially discovered me. Often am I almost petrified at the thought of my then hopeless situation. But God has been very gracious to me. Yet when I reflect, that I was on the very threshold of the eternal world, an unthinking, and impenitent sinner more! O! who can bear the awful thought; probably chargable with a mad jump from the icy rock at Lorette into the abyss of everlasting fire; I also have passed through hours of anguish, and shed tears of sorrow, for which all that earth calls good and great, as a compensation, would be less than nothing and vanity.” Therese observed—“I have always acquitted you of any impropriety and guilt on that occasion; for I thought you said that

you were not conscious, and had no recollection of any thing which succeeded after you stood in the front of the church, until you found yourself among the Indian women?" I replied—"That is the very point in which I am so wonderfully indebted to the goodness of God. Could I be convinced, that in the full possession of my senses as a rational, accountable creature, I had attempted the leap from that memorable rock, I should never know abiding peace. But as your own experience has told you, nothing is more difficult than for persons to draw the precise line of distinction between the sudden paroxysms of an irresponsible delirium, and that effervescence which is both the cause and the effect of guilt. To illustrate exactly my meaning, I will appeal to yourself, Therese; does your conscience acquit you of all guilt, because in many of those acts which you most lament and abhor, you were inveigled by the sophistry and enticements of the Jesuit Pretres?"

—She instantly replied—"Oh, no! I feel that I was basely criminal." I then propounded the question—"But you would not voluntarily have engaged in those shocking acts?" In answer Therese observed—"Assuredly not. Vitiating as were my sentiments, the sins which I committed most probably would have been avoided had I been surrounded with associates of different principles, character, and habits." I rejoined—"Then you at once perceive the difficulty of my distinguishing between that which was voluntary and criminal, and that which was the consequence of physical and moral incapacity. It was my grand defect on that occasion that I did not offer my broken incoherent

prayer to God. I had no correct idea of the blessed Saviour, as our refuge and strength in distress, the hearer of prayer, or deliverer, a house of defence, and a very present help in trouble ; but he pitied my ignorance, and according to his promise, answered before I called. Notwithstanding my inability to define all the demerit attached to this crisis of my life, yet it has been an unfailling source of humility and gratitude ; and as I became more spiritually enlightened, that wondrous interposition of his merciful providence enkindled and has cherished a hope, which by his Spirit's aid has hitherto defied all the calamity and hardships that since have been my portion. But let me ask you another question, Therese. When you were living without God in the world, can you assert, that during the long revolution of years, you were altogether unconscious of the true character of your actions ?”

“ Unconscious !—she remarked, after a pause—No, indeed ; full well did I know, alas ! greedily did I eat the forbidden fruit ; or why should I now be tortured with the retrospect ?” To this acknowledgment I answered—“This then is the argument for genuine contrition. Of the evils of which we are undeniably guilty, there can be no hesitation respecting the duty of penitence : but as we are so prone to deceive ourselves, even in reference to those of which the guilt is not so perceptible, probably the Judge of all decides against us, and consequently the only mode is to cast ourselves at the footstool of mercy, before the throne of grace, praying that through Jesus Christ our Lord, we may

be delivered from the body of this death." Therese inquired—"How long did you continue in that hesitating, or rather beclouded state of mind in which you left the Pretre?" My reply to this question gratified your mother. "I perceived immediately after my arrival at Diganu's house, that he and Chretien, like their associates, were thoughtless and indifferent to all good; but that they indulged no directly flagrant sinful habits. There is an attractive naivete about Diganu; and I became deeply interested in him. My apartment was amply provided with idolatrous trash, which I speedily removed; and took the earliest opportunity to provide myself a Bible. That treasure I obtained through the medium of an American prisoner or refugee who visited us, and with whom Chretien was intimate; and who piously exulted, as he said, in my escape from the captivity of the devil. He marked a number of passages which he requested me first to read and study; and gave me also a book of prayers; and thus reminded me of Marguerite's admonition to pray for wisdom that I might comprehend the Scriptures. The light soon beamed upon my mind. God who is rich in mercy knew the burdens which I should have to bear, and therefore kindly provided me with all the strength necessary for my task. He blessed the perusal of his own book to my soul; and having cast off my idols, I submitted myself entirely to his disposal. Still I was a mere child in Christian knowledge. I dared not to go out. I had no helper or assistant; and my chief acquisition was fortitude in discarding my former errors, and in adhering to evangelical truth, as it might be revealed to

my understanding." Therese remarked—"Yet it appears to me; that you must have attained much acquaintance with the Scriptures, to have rendered you so bold in defending your opinions to Diganu and Chretien." In answer I observed.—"That was only after their discovery of my principles. Often did we converse upon the subject of their worship and professed belief, and as they advanced the common place nonsense in their own support, I was obliged to defend my novel opinions; and I thank God, that he so enabled me to justify myself, that Diganu became a sincere disciple before we were separated, and Chretien was so well disposed that the closing scene at Lorette opened his eyes. I was more than a match for them at disputation, because I was assisted by the word of truth; but in reference to the experimental application of the divine oracles, I knew very little."

"That is the point—subjoined Therese—from which we have diverged. I want to understand how the truth becomes so clear and powerful in the mind, that we can be assured of our future happiness?"—I replied thus—"It will be necessary for me to explain a little. I suppose you will admit, when the Saviour said to the woman in Simon's house, 'thy sins are forgiven thee, thy faith hath saved thee, go in peace;' that she knew to all certainty that she was accepted of God, and interested in his favor?" Therese nodded her assent. "But how did she become assured of it?" I asked. "Because the Saviour affirmed it"—answered Therese. I next inquired—"But was it for her virtues; her

merits, her excuses, or her knowledge, that she was received and absolved?" Therese said—"No, it was of God's mercy, I suppose, for she could not pay the debt. She cast herself in humble reliance upon his goodness; believed in his power; and loved him for his favor bestowed upon her. But how does this affect the question of our knowledge, when Jesus Christ is not here personally to speak to us?" I replied—"The Scriptures are given us as a rule by which to try our spiritual condition. All the doctrines which we read must be received as if God himself proclaimed them, as he did the law from Mount Sinai. All his commandments must be acknowledged, as if they were enforced upon us by miracles. All his threatenings must be credited as much as if we were witnessing their actual fulfilment in the case of Pharaoh. And all his promises should be accepted and applied by faith equally as though they were directly addressed to us; provided only, that we can humbly hope the characteristics of his disciples are descriptive of ourselves." Therese again asked—"But may we not be deceived in our estimate of our own state before God?" I answered—"Certainly: but God hath promised to guide those into all truth, who patiently wait for his instructions and confide in his word; and as his blessed revelation is given expressly to enlighten our darkness, we may confidently hope, that he will not withdraw its shinings." Therese rejoined—"I do not perceive how this excludes the difficulty. Many cannot read the word, and consequently will have to lose its benefits in illustrating their true situation before God." In reply I remarked—"For this very

purpose, the ministers of the Gospel were appointed to teach the people the way of righteousness both in word and doctrine, that they may be able to grow in grace." Your mother answered—"So then it seems after all that we must have recourse to the Priest, and believe all that he utters." My rejoinder was this—"Exactly the contrary. The Priest's lips should keep knowledge, and the people should search the Scriptures. If the Bible were open to every man's inspection, then it is plain that the Priests could not propagate their wonderful and soul-destroying delusions; and every person would learn to peruse the contents of the Gospel for himself. But now the Priests prohibit the people from all knowledge both in the means and end; and thus in cunning craftiness, lie in wait to deceive. Besides I would ask you, Therese, whether it is not much more probable, that another person who can only judge by the outward appearance will be deceived in deciding our true characters, rather than a sincere believer who knows the plague of his own heart, and who closely examines himself by the word of God? And also is it not much more likely, that he will be deluded in estimating his own character who trusts to the opinion of a Jesuit, whose declaration will be given according to the money which he expects to receive; rather than he who approaches unto God with all sincerity, uttering David's impressive prayer, 'search me, O God, and know my heart; try me and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting?' Therese answered—"I suppose therefore, from what you have said, that the as-

assurance of which you speak is obtained only from a comparison of our hearts and characters with the word of God ; and according as that determines we are to believe." Upon this remark I observed—"Undoubtedly ; because the Gospel assures us, that by it we at last shall be judged. If the Scripture had said, that God would pronounce our final sentence according to the will of a Jesuit Priest, there would be a clear rule of duty implied, to secure his favor at any sacrifice ; but so far from it, the Judge of all authoritatively pronounces, that every person shall give an account of himself unto God ; and be judged according to that he hath done in the body, whether it be good or bad, without any reference to the reproach or approbation of mankind."

"But if we are sinners, and of that I am certain—These objected—and we shall be judged according to our doings, I do not yet comprehend how we shall escape condign punishment ; and therefore I cannot admit that there is any sure foundation for that strong confidence of which you speak. Indeed, it appears to me to partake very much of the same presumption that in the Pretres we condemn." I thus replied—"The cases are totally different. In trusting for everlasting life upon the plain direct testimony of the word of God, we only receive the consolation which the Scriptures were intended to bestow upon the humble, broken hearted penitent : but in listening to a Priest's absolution, we rob God of his divine prerogative to pardon sins : and though the Scriptures plainly declare the will of the heavenly Majesty, yet we believe a sin-

ful Pretre when he asserts a direct contradiction to the truth of Jehovah." Therese impatiently said—"Now I begin to discern ; it never struck me so clearly before, that a Priest's pretended claim to absolve from sin is an insult to the Divine Being, and a power which in its very nature can only belong to the Searcher of Hearts ; but this has not yet relieved my mind in reference to the bad doings of mankind. Knowing himself to be guilty before God of innumerable sins, how can he say, yet I am saved ?" I rejoined—" You already have admitted the fact in reference to the woman in Simon's house, when the Lord audibly spoke to her. The principle and the result are the same, although the medium differs." Therese earnestly interposed—"Explain yourself." I continued—" The Gospel proclaims to every laboring, heavy laden sinner, that if he will approach unto Christ, the Saviour will receive him and give him rest. Now this presupposes a consciousness of the burden of guilt ; an earnest desire of deliverance from it ; unfeigned sorrow for the cause of the weighty load ; and hope with confidence in the willingness and ability of the Saviour to give peace to our souls." Therese remarked—" Still I do not comprehend the application of this certainty to the understanding and the conscience." To this observation, I replied thus—" The work of Divine mercy in the heart of man is through faith as the instrument. Every thing made known in the Scripture is a subject of pure belief. Its former histories, its prophecies yet to be fulfilled, its sublime and unearthly doctrines, its purely spiritual requisitions, its awful denunciations in reference to eternity ; and its

consolatory promises of glory everlasting are none of them objects of sense ; so that without faith, the Bible and its treasures are to us a non-entity." Therese hastily interrupted me—"Now I see. You have opened the way for me to escape from all my anxieties upon this topic, but go on!" I continued—"It is plain therefore ; that all the portions of Divine truth rest upon similar authority, and that the basis of our trust is the same. The Christian assuredly believes, that the Saviour died and rose again, upon the general truth of Divine revelation as affirmed by the most powerful testimony : but does not the sacred book by the same apostolic writer also declare in the connected sentence, ' Jesus our Lord was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification.' Now if we deny the latter, how can we believe the other ? For Paul joins them together, thereby to declare both the cause and the effect of the Lord's death and resurrection." Therese asked—"Are not these expressions general and only intended to convey the meaning, that the Saviour died to expiate sin, and to bestow righteousness, without any particular design." My answer was prompt—"Certainly not, for the benefits of the gospel are all purely personal. This you will perceive, if you remember that the figurative expressions which are used concerning religion imply our own wants and the supply of them. The consolations of redeeming mercy are called the bread of life, the water of life, the pearl of great price, medicine, raiment, healing, pardon, communion and friendship. These are all personal acquisitions, and pre-suppose a direct participation, or

these blessings would be useless. When, therefore, pure religion and undefiled is revealed as justification, adoption, wisdom, and an inheritance, all these terms necessarily purport that they are individual attainments and possessions. The greatest privilege and attraction of Christianity are, that it is a matter of personal concern to all its disciples."

Therese rejoined—"I suppose then, you mean that we are not only to believe that all the advantages of the gospel are designed by God to be generally distributed; but that every person may claim and obtain the supply of mercy according to his own necessities?" I answered—"Exactly, and it is upon this very principle of appropriation, that the humble and sincere believer assuredly confides." Your mother then inquired—"Do you think, Louise, that this confidence may not be fallacious?" My reply was this—"We may be deceived, Therese; but the cause of the delusion will be in ourselves. We cannot have complied with the rules in that case to ascertain a correct decision." Therese said—"That is the very idea which I wish you to illustrate; because I think I shall have more satisfaction, if I can correctly understand this important matter." I subjoined to my former remarks—"I have already stated that the whole word of God is to be equally credited as of one authority. Hence, the duties must be performed, as well as the doctrines and promises believed." I paused, and Therese signified her approbation of the sentiment. I then proceeded—"Consequently, the inquiry must be entered upon according

to the prescriptions of the sacred volume. The Bible proclaims pardon to the guilty penitent sinner as an infallible truth, therefore the sole questions are ; have I experienced that godly sorrow which needs not to be repented of ? Do I unfeignedly credit what the Almighty saith ? Have I received the heavenly message of his Son, Jesus Christ ? And the true answer is to be known only by the fruits : hatred of sin, a hearty surrender to the Lord's service, and a steadfast determination to believe and to do what God shall require of us ; to abstain from all evil, and to follow on to know the Lord, that I may live to his glory here, and dwell in his presence for ever. Now, do you not think, Therese, that a person with an honest anxiety not to be mistaken, might attain to a conviction that these were his governing dispositions ?" Therese answered—" I should believe so were it not for the corruption and deceitfulness of the human heart. I therefore asked her—" But do you not recollect, that God has promised, 'my grace is sufficient for thee,' that he will shine into the hearts of his people by his grace : that light is sown for the righteous ; and that they shall not effectually, be led astray. The language of the New Testament often expresses the utmost certainty—" I know in whom I have believed ; we know that we have passed from death unto life ; and we know that his testimony is true, that believing we might have life through his name ;" with a rich variety of similar passages, all encouraging the humble disciple of the Redeemer, to cultivate and enjoy the full assurance of faith and hope." Therese replied—" I now very plainly

perceive, that religion is more a personal thing of the heart, than I had ever yet understood it. I have only therefore to request, Louise, that you will pray for me, that I may receive this promised light and comfort."

Our intercourse was partially suspended for some days, and it was manifest that Therese's attention was engrossed by the searching application of Divine truth to her conscience. I rejoiced to understand, that she was deeply solicitous not to decide incorrectly respecting her eternal welfare. There was such a vast abyss of degeneracy both in theory and practice to be exterminated, that she often expressed a doubt concerning the willingness of the Saviour to ransom her; and I was pleased to hear her remark—"I have one fearful subject to embarrass me, Louise; whether all my compunction and hatred of sin may not be the consequence only of my bodily sufferings, and the dread of judgment and future punishment." I replied—"Are you sincere in your present exercises and desires?" After a pause, she answered—"I think I am: I have endeavoured to bring my conscience, with all its truth and energy, to bear upon my former hateful principles and conduct; and I humbly hope, that I can truly say, I long to be filled with Christian simplicity and godly sincerity." To this declaration, I replied—"If the Lord should restore you to health, could you, would you enter again upon the same course of life, supposing that you should be without restriction?" Therese shuddered; and with all the strength which she could assume, she said—"Never, no never; I prefer death even now,

with all its perplexing uncertainties." I subjoined—
 "Then your character must be changed." She instantly added—"That is certain; but the important query follows; is it the new creature in Christ Jesus? I shall never be pacified, until I can ascertain satisfactorily, that the old things are passed away."

On a subsequent occasion, I communicated to Therese, some of the more memorable points of my experience during my stay in the convents, part of which she knew: for although I was unconscious of the fact, she long continued to reside in the same Nunnery. The narrative was beneficial to her; as it illustrated the operation of Divine truth upon my mind, and proved that neither the solitude, privations, hardships, nor burdens of my almost defenceless bondage could destroy the effects of that peace-speaking voice, which sustained me with its consolation, as it reiterated—"Fear thou not, I am with thee, be not dismayed, I am thy God, I will strengthen thee, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness. In one of my most distressing and dangerous and frightful dilemmas, who can describe the effect produced upon my feelings by the Holy Ghost's kind application of those words to my heart—"I, even I am he, that comforteth you. Who art thou, that thou shouldest be afraid of a man that shall die, and of the son of man who shall be made as grass; and forgettest the Lord thy Maker; and hast feared continually every day because of the fury

of the oppressor, as if he were ready to destroy, and where is the fury of the oppressor?"

The protracted seclusion in our apartments during the long winter was unfavorable to us, and our consequent debility was too evident even to ourselves. It was the natural result of the inactivity and tedium inseparable from the convent. The most pernicious effect was the additional nervous derangement which we both felt, and which nothing but air and exercise in the garden had truly mitigated. On one occasion, when our minds were more than ordinarily affected by our peculiar situation, I read to Therese a number of the most expository scriptures respecting the world to come. I had announced the exhilarating truth—"Our light affliction which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal; for we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." She interrupted my progress. "These subjects have strangely affected my mind lately—remarked Therese—I feel very different from what I used to do when thinking of death and futurity." I anxiously inquired—"How is the alteration perceptible?"—Therese replied—"I cannot accurately describe it; but I do not experience the same terror at the contemplation of leaving the world as formerly." I earnestly request-

ed—"Describe this change to me." Therese answered—"My feelings assure me that I am rapidly declining; cannot you perceive it? My own convictions of increasing weakness only enabled me to reply—"Not much; and I suppose the reasons are, that I am always with you, and myself gradually becoming more feeble." Therese continued—"My apprehensions have induced me to examine myself by the Scriptures; and like Manasseh, I have often prayed, that I might 'know that the Lord he is God;' and like the dying thief, I have cried, 'Lord, remember me!'" She paused. "You fill me with comfort—I said—at this blessed experience of Divine mercy; and have you then tasted that the Lord is gracious?" Our mother replied—"I cannot say exactly how I feel, but my spirits are lightened and my dreadfully distressing fears are removed. I see in the Divine dealings towards me, abounding mercy. I retrace my evil thoughts, words and actions, and I abominate them; but I am not troubled as formerly with the sting of them; and I trust that the Lord has forgiven the iniquity of my sin." I was too affected to speak. Therese saw my emotion—"What do I not owe to you, Louise—she subjoined—as the instrument in God's hands to convert a sinner from the error of her way; and I hope you have saved a soul from death? I cannot speak with your composure and certainty; but I can say with sincerity—"Lord, what wait I for, my hope is in thee?" She paused as if waiting to hear me. I could not command energy to utter a word. At length, she added—"I think I can tell something of your gladness, when you can feel

that you are so repaid by God for your mother's unnatural barbarity." This reference changed my feelings, and in broken sentences, I replied—"Say nothing upon that subject. So far as I am concerned, I forgave it from our first interview here. Diganu will forget it, when he hears my tale. God, I trust, has compassionated you, and subdued your iniquities, and cast all your sins into the depths of the sea. Let us not therefore raise up what God has buried. If I have been of any service to you, bless God for his wonderful loving kindness, who makes all things work together for good to them that love him."

That evening for the first time, Therese prayed aloud; and until she was finally disabled, our joint devotions were alternately assumed by us. It was an encouraging thought that a woman so degenerate should be elevated by the Gospel; that a dreaded persecutor should be transformed into a Christian disciple; that a loathsome tempter should be changed into an endeared friend; and that the relation of mother and daughter should be recognized by us. It was the triumph of good over evil, of light over darkness, and of love over aversion, which Christianity alone can achieve. From that period she evidently grew in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. But she had no lofty soarings; her mind was fastened to the anchor of hope, but she made no higher attainment. She never spake of herself but with profound humility. Of her past life she avowed her disgust; of her actual experience, her apprehensions

were only without alarm and terrifying disquietude ; but of the future, it was merely the resolution of Job ; ' though he slay me, yet will I trust in him ; ' and of Esther—' I will go in unto the king, and if I perish, I perish.'"

The day, my dear, Diganu, on which we had finally been separated at Lorette, was always to me a period of peculiar solemnity, meditation and prayer. As I became more familiar with Therese, I resolved to remind her of the tenth return of the season, and if possible, mutually to be edified by the remembrance. Her anticipation was not less acute than my own, and she resolved to surprise me. It was a lovely morning, and our spirits were in unison with the cheerfulness of Spring. In her prayer, she impressively noticed it. With all solicitude she invoked pardon for the evil doings of that day and for the Jesuit criminal instigator ; and for you and your Louise her supplications were large and fervent. These were mingled with thanksgivings for Divine mercy in her latter experience ; and an unreserved surrender of herself to the Lord's will ; also imploring that she might be able to read her name in the book of life, and be prepared to meet her God. As she had thus adverted to the subject, I made no remark. In the afternoon, Therese proposed a walk in the garden. It was the first time that she had been out of the house during nearly five months. Every thing on that occasion seemed changed. Therese's kindness ; the conviction of her maternal relationship, and of her Christian character ; and the consolations

of redeeming mercy, of which we both hoped that we participated, cheered our minds; and we were invigorated by our little exercise. On our return into her room our Mother remarked—"I have one duty yet to perform to you, Louise, for the sake of Diganu; and as I feel benefited by our little walk, as the time is congenial, and as the future is so very mutable and uncertain, I have been revolving the propriety of communicating to you some of the history of my life this evening. I think I am more capable of doing it now, than at any previous time, since we have resided together. My daughter, my child—it was the first time she had ever used the words, and as she kissed me, she added—are you willing to hear it?" I could only return her salutation and reply; the endearing epithet had never before escaped me—"I had thought, mother!—O Diganu, that you had been with us!—to have surprised you by a reference to this day; but from your morning's prayer I discovered that you also recollect the eventful season."—Therese answered—"Ah! it is impossible, Louise, to conceive what pungency of anguish I have suffered for the guilt of this never to be forgotten day; and it is the remarkable change that I now feel, which induced me to make the proposition." Upon that remark I observed—"I have longed for your recital and dreaded it, with very conflicting emotions; now, I am very anxious to know the events of your earthly pilgrimage."

HISTORY OF THERESE.

Night is the time of death ;
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease—
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends ;—such death be mine !—

Therese thus narrated her biography.—Father or mother I never knew ; nor am I aware of any individual's peculiar kindness towards me. My earliest recollections are concerning an elderly woman who stated to me this circumstance. ' I was frequently employed about the Ursuline Nunnery of Quebec, in menial offices—said Josephine—and on one occasion a child, which appeared to be about four days old was deposited in the usual box at the entrance. I desired to adopt it, to which the Nuns consented ; and you, Therese, are my nurseling. That name was pinned to your bosom. This is all that I know of your origin.' That woman I always addressed by the title of mother. Her appearance was repulsive. She was short and meagre, with a peculiarly disagreeable countenance ; but she was always very affectionate and kind to me, and I have often regretted that I was taken from her. I went to the school and made some progress in learning. The Nuns would have me to reside with them ; and

Josephine was obliged to consent. I well remember her charging me never to become a Nun. At the convent I often saw her, and was permitted to visit her at her own room. She always repeated her injunction, that when I became my own mistress, I ought not to live in a Nunnery. I still have a very distinct impression of attending her when sick. Not long before her death, she communicated the manner in which I had come under her care ; informed me that I was fourteen years of age ; that I had no earthly relative whom she could ascertain ; and repeated her strict command, that I should leave the Convent as soon as I could. I was present at the funeral of my only benefactress.

A strict guard was kept over me, no doubt by the contrivance of the Nun who was my mother, and who resided in the Convent ; but which of them had borne me I never could suspect ; because that fact I only ascertained, in consequence of Diganu's threatened judicial investigation. However, I soon perceived, that they designed to entangle me to take the vow. My mind was resolutely opposed to the measure ; for my dispositions were totally uncongenial with the manners of the Convent ; and I secretly determined to resist every scheme to force my assent. My aversion doubtless was discovered ; either by their unaccountable craftiness, or more probably by some of my acknowledgments at confession. I was therefore placed in Montreal about a year after the death of Josephine. There I first attracted the notice of Diganu's father. Between the Presbytere and the Nunneries, was an underground

communication; and thus the selected girls were made eye witnesses of the familiarities between the Jesuit Priests and the Nuns, until they were duly trained to join the vile association.

Having been initiated into their customs at Montreal, I was transferred to Three Rivers, by the direction of the Priest who had chosen me for his prey. There a similar passage existed between the Jesuit Monastery and the Convent; and every artifice was enacted to corrupt my principles. The object was not attained; but it was doubtless perceived that I had been infected by the contagion; and I was then removed to the General Hospital of Quebec. That Institution had obtained a highly dishonorable character, even from those who knew nothing of Christian morals. The Religious mixed with promiscuous society and openly formed tender attachments. The Jesuits consequently, were in a fury. The Priests disliked that the military officers and others should intrude into their domain; and they dreaded that the Nuns should divulge to their paramours the secret proceedings of the Jesuits in the Convents. It is most probable, from notorious facts, that some of the Nuns did publish those circumstances which afterwards disgraced that pestilential order. Exterior decorum among the Nuns was eventually coerced by the government; but the interior continued to be a scene of flagrant depravity. There I drank of the intoxicating cup; and the familiarities of the Priest who often visited me, although gilded over by the name of fatherly tenderness to a spiritual child

whom he had long watched, aided his design ; and when he deemed proper, I was appointed to reside at Point aux Trembles. That was the period of my intercourse with Marguerite. The Jesuit often talked with me respecting my future views, pretended to illustrate my childish opinions, discovered all my contemptible superstitious folly ; encouraged all the notions which I had imbibed of priestly infallibility, shewed the importance of an unreserved exposure of all my thoughts, feelings, and desires to him, with pretended modest gravity propounded the most obscene and revolting questions ; and under the pretence of cautioning me against sin, taught me the most loathsome sensuality, and unfolded the very inmost recesses of all ungodliness, until having moulded me in unprincipled views and feelings to his design, he completed it in the confessional. I was then totally in his power, and was removed to his parish, where Diganu was born. He was taken from me almost immediately, and I saw him no more until he was sent to be instructed with Chretien at Quebec.

For some cause unknown to me, the Priest left his parish for several weeks, and during his absence, another Jesuit said Mass for him. He visited me, and you, Louise, are his daughter. Thus debased, and by the instructions of those two Priests, lost to all correct female sensibility and moral decorum, I became exactly what they wished. Afterwards they forced me, under the pretext of secrecy, to take the veil ; and the years revolved amid my increasing love and practice of iniquity. I possessed not the smallest particle of affection for you ;

or rather you were my aversion ; for it was in consequence of your birth, that I had been coerced to adopt the monastic life. Diganu I cared for, because he was a child in some degree of affection, for his father had attracted my fondness ; but for your father, I never felt the least attachment, or respect ; and my comfort, equally with his safety, was in danger from the two Jesuits. I thought that they never would be pacified, until they had murdered both of you. It was finally agreed, that Diganu should be under your father's inspection, and that you should be controled, by the other Priest. All your sufferings have been the result of this mischievous compact. I always wished to befriend your brother ; and his father consented, provided that he might have the sway over you. Had I known the feelings of a woman, much more the tenderness of a mother, I should have opposed that monster of iniquity ; but all within me was blunted or perverted, and I realized no more concern at sacrificing my child than any other girl ; or rather, I was taught that Diganu's prosperity depended upon it, and the base agreement was made." "I here interposed—remarked Louise, and asked—was my father privy to this extraordinary design?" Therese answered—"No, he never saw you, after you were removed from me, when a few days old, until he recognized the cross in the Church at Lorette. Indeed, he never displayed the smallest concern about you. He complied with his engagement respecting Diganu, merely as a matter of honor between Priests ; but he was not in the least interested in your or my welfare.

After you approached to maturity, the plan was laid for your entanglement. I was early apprised that you manifested a rather intractable and modest temper, and that you would not easily be enticed by any artifices to submit to the course delineated for you. The plot therefore was contrived gradually to entrap you into his snare. I was also told, that it was impossible to attract your notice to the usual occurrences of the Convent. By my base advice, you were sent to Point aux Trembles; but it was a providential journey, because there you saw Marguerite, and God in mercy permitted you, through her instrumentality, to acquire that knowledge and inflexibility which enabled you to overcome all the Priest's machinations." Here I interrupted Therese by remarking—"I cannot conceive, Therese, how you could possibly have engaged in that most iniquitous project. There is something so unnatural and so atrocious, that I am amazed when the Jesuit propounded that wickedness to you, your feelings as a woman did not revolt from the proposal to prostitute your virgin daughter to the father of your son?" She displayed unutterable emotion as she replied—"Ah! Louise, you understand not the wickedness of Jesuit seminaries and Convents. By their regulations, all earthly relationships terminate when the boy receives the tonsure, or the girl takes the veil. Father and mother, brother and sister, even son and daughter to them are unmeaning appellatives, and all mankind are equally alienated. Hence, parricide and incest, in their judgment, are crimes which they cannot commit. A Priest and a Religieuse are equally destitute of all natural

sensibility. Most of them like myself have never felt the ordinary experience of domestic affection. They are the offspring of profligacy; and by their unknown licentious parents, abandoned in infancy to the care of others, and only watched that they may be nurtured to think and feel and act like the Priests and Nuns from whom they derived their existence. What love can a woman have for a child who is taken from her probably without her handling, or even beholding it; whom she never nursed, and whose sex she is not permitted to know; and in multitudes of instances whether allowed to live or suffocated at its birth, she can never ascertain? What affection can a Priest have for a child, if the relationship were ascertained, who must be his disgrace and ruin? It is certain that the Jesuits not only kill their children to hide their corruption, but also the mothers of their offspring, rather than their pretended celibacy shall be discredited. What civil law can punish a Priest and Nun thus guilty? They purloin and destroy every Bible with impunity. They rob their poor disciples under every possible pretext. They teach, disseminate and practice all kinds of the vilest immorality, and who dare to resist them?"

"I have often thought to ask you, Therese—I remarked—what account can be given of all the infants who are left in the cradles at the Nunneries? I have frequently regretted, that Marguerite did not assist me with her knowledge on this subject." Therese replied—"That is a very mysterious concern. How that business is managed, I never could exactly discover. The

number of children thus cast off by their unnatural parents is astonishing; yet no inquiry is ever made for them, after they have been placed in a convent. That affair can only be understood by the Nun in attendance, and the Superieure and the Chaplain. I was never intrusted with the office of door-keeper. All I know is, that many more are deposited than ever go out; but how the account is balanced, it is beyond my ingenuity to unravel." I replied—"During my abode in one of the Convents, I am convinced, that one hundred children were stated to have been left within the year to the care of the Religieuses; although I never saw one of them." Therese answered—"It is *now* a wonder to me; but *then* I thought nothing of it. The shocking subject only constituted matter for a joke among the Nuns; yet with all their impudence, the Pretres would never intrust us with the knowledge of our children's fate; had it not been divulged in consequence of your birth, I should have remained totally ignorant of Diganu." I inquired—"Do describe to me the character of those two Priests as you now judge them? Are they living?" Our mother answered—"Your Father, Louise—her countenance, of which she was probably not conscious, bespoke strong aversion—was a cold-hearted, selfish villain, and an adept in all wickedness. He regularly mumbled over his masses, exacted his various fees and claims, indulged his unholy appetites as he pleased, and possessed not the smallest attachment to any thing in creation, except the craft by which he had his gain. As he lived unbeloved, so he died near two years ago unlamented."

I hastily observed—"Dead! do you say? dead in his sins?" Therese continued—"He passed through all the forms and ceremonies, was absolved, anointed, chanted over, eulogized in the funeral oration, praised in the newspaper, has a fine epitaph inscribed on his tombstone, and a monument in the church; and is gone to his fathers, just as they preceded him, and as the surviving ungodly Priests are successively following him." I briefly inquired—"And Diganu's father?"

"He is alive—said your Mother—a shrewd artful and complete Jesuit; with all the principles of a remorseless, impenitent sinner, and with a deceitfulness which no ingenuity can explore or circumvent. His progress has constantly been onward to condemnation. The only thing which has any appearance of good that he ever performed has been his support of Diganu; but that was merely to gratify his stronger passion. His private history would unfold a wondrous tale. I have not seen him during the last three years. When I began to realize debility, I was deserted; and as my eyes were opened to perceive the evil of their doings, I loathed the very sight of all the Pretres. This temper produced disputation. They denounced me as a heretic, and discarded me; but as the Jesuit then divulged his opinions and doings, he appeared to me a most irreligious and hardened transgressor. The misery which he has entailed upon his female victims to him was an object of ridicule, and as to his children, with the exception of Diganu, no person can give any account of them. In his first rage, after the law:

suits were directed to be commenced; I dreaded from his menaces, that Diganu and Chretien would both have been sacrificed!" I remarked—"It was always a subject of interest to us which we could never unfold, how the discovery was made that I was residing with Diganu."

"I will explain that circumstance—replied Therese. On the night after your escape, one of the Priest's parishioners arrived in the city, and informed him of the fire. He instantly acquainted me with the vexatious occurrence. For the injury to his furniture and books he cared not; his anxiety was concerning your security: respecting which he dared not to inquire. On the next morning he hurried to his residence, and collected all the information which he could obtain; but he could discover no trace either of you or of his money. He did not suppose that you had taken it. After a long and fruitless research, it was concluded, that the fire had originated in Guise's imprudence; that you had escaped unobserved in the confusion; and that some persons had obtained possession of the gold and silver, who carefully secreted the treasure." I again asked—"Did the Pretre continue his inquiries, and thus make the discovery? or by what means was my actual existence and place of abode at last ascertained?" Therese tremulously answered—"I always endeavored to persuade him that you were dead; and to my shame, with regret I confess, that I delighted in the thought that you had perished. I argued that it was utterly impossible you could survive exposure in the

night in the open air, and that it was most probable you had been drowned, as you could not know any route from that parish. He resisted those ideas, and maintained that you were too squeamish to die of your own accord: nevertheless, he was perplexed. Guise declared, that as soon as they saw the fire, the people at the dance started with all rapidity; that when she arrived, the flames had made but little progress; that the persons who broke open the doors of the house mentioned nothing, except that the fire seemed to have begun with the stove pipe, and that she tried to find Louise in vain. Every investigation was made, but no information was elicited; and the men were unanimous, that all the doors were forcibly entered, and that except the fire, every thing in the house was just as if the Pretre had been at home. For once the Jesuit was baffled, and might have continued so until the end, had he not practised one of his wiles. He engaged all the Priests to make his money the subject of search at confession; and finally authorized them to offer the full possession of the whole property taken from him, and a perfect release from the civil law, with the absolution of the Church, to all persons who would give any information respecting the origin of the fire. Had Diganu or Chretien associated with the Priests, or gone to confession as before; they would have heard of it; although neither of them were suspected as being acquainted with any of the circumstances; for the Pretre had seen Diganu on the morning of the day when they rescued you. Several months had elapsed after the Jesuit's crafty contrivance was put in operation,

when he visited me, and stated, that he had received an anonymous account of Louise's flight. 'Is she alive or dead?' was my inquiry. 'I cannot tell—he answered—read this letter: I will see you to-morrow, then we will decide what shall be done. The hand-writing was obviously disguised; although I am now convinced, that the letter was sent by one of your deliverers. It was doubtless written only to upbraid and tantalize the Pretre." I hastily asked our mother this question—"Before we read that letter—for she had safely preserved it—do tell me, Therese; were you my companion to the Priest's house, as well as to Jacques Cartier? for I could never satisfy my mind upon that subject?" Therese replied—"O! horrible recollection; yes it was I who thus betrayed my own innocent lamb to that ravening wolf." I further inquired—"How is it possible you could so disguise yourself, that I should not be able to recognize either your personal appearance or your voice?" With the deepest emotion, Therese answered—"Ah! my dear Louise; you know nothing, and well it is that you are ignorant of these devices. I shall not relate a Jesuit's and a Nun's tricks: but every species of concealment they can and do assume to execute their mischievous purposes. When I have been alone, tortured with bodily pain, dismayed with inexpressible anguish, and all my sins have stared me in the face in their aggravated criminality, my two journies with you, in connection with the dreadful catastrophe at Lorette, have always appeared to include the utmost barbarity and wickedness, which human depravity can possibly combine. Comfort me once

more, Louise, with the assurance of your pardon!" She paused and trembled. "I have already often assured you, my dear mother—was my reply—that I have heartily forgiven all your offences against me; and I trust that the God of mercy has also blotted them out of the book of his remembrance, and granted you the remission of sin. Whatever I may judge of the transgression, and of your instigator, I think, from your detail, that your condition at that period was not less pitiable than odious." She pathetically answered—"Blessed be God! that I can now venture to review those terrific, scenes without that harrowing torment which formerly accompanied the remembrance: and although I abhor myself and my ways, yet I can exercise an humble trust in the efficacy of the Redeemer's pardoning grace, and I can feebly hope that I have experienced the application of the blood of Christ which cleanseth from all sin." I subjoined—"I am convinced that it is this confidence on your behalf which has enabled me to hear your narrative with so little perturbation; that it is not only exemption from danger and gratitude for deliverance, but also the consolation of believing that your transgression is forgiven, and that your sin is covered. So that, however repulsive it is to survey past deformity, the sting of sin is extracted; and additional penitence, humility, faith and devotion are enkindled by the painful contemplations." The weeping Therese replied—"I think I have found this effect latterly produced in my own mind. On former occasions, when I meditated upon the course which I have pursued, I was overwhelmed with agony;

But it was not united with melting. My feelings were the dislike and unsubdued will of the guilty delinquent, not the tender-hearted and sorrowful aversion of the repenting sinner. I was humbled for my wretchedness, not for my transgressions. I believed, but it was the agonizing convictions of coerced alarm, not the lowly apprehensions of a filial trust; and I cried, but it was a desire to escape from present pain and anticipated wo; not the prayer for wisdom, holiness, resignation, and Christian peace." I answered—"It is very consolatory to me, Therese, to witness this gracious transformation in your feelings and views of yourself and of Divine truth." Therese tenderly added—"By the Divine blessing, Louise, I owe to you all that I savingly know, experience, and hope; and can only pray that you may be abundantly rewarded for your work of faith and labor of love, according to the Redeemer's promise!" My reply was—"Let me read the letter. I am anxious to understand the mysterious occurrence which ferreted me out of my seclusion."

To Mr. D, Pretre.

"You are taking much trouble to find out the circumstances connected with the fire in your house; and have offered that the money which you say was lost in your house may be retained by any person who secreted it, provided only you can be fully informed concerning that event. But why did you never inquire after the girl you had imprisoned there? Now if ever I hear of any more search being made after the cash, I will publish the story about Louise."

“What did the Priest say to that threat?—I asked—did he manifest no uneasiness at the proposed disclosure?” Therese replied—“Not at all; the Jesuit only smiled with contempt. ‘Silly fool!’—said the Pretre—his tale would necessarily unfold the robbery; and as he would be hanged, no person would believe one syllable which he uttered. Besides, the men who first opened the doors, would testify that no person was in the house, and Guise will swear to any thing which she is taught.’ But I answered—‘Suppose more than one person should have been concerned in the affair, how will that affect the point? The Priest remarked, ‘They dare not tell the story for their own sakes; yet I should rejoice to discover this insolent fellow.’ But go on.” I continued to read the letter. “As you seem so very desirous to learn something of the matter; I will tell you what I have heard about it, some time ago, in Montreal. The man who related the circumstance, mentioned neither time, nor names, nor place; but from the questions which have been asked by the Cure of our parish, it must be the same affair, and well may you be willing to give up the hush money. All that rejoices me is that the good girl escaped from your brutal clutches.”

A smile passed over my countenance, and I inquired of Therese—“How did the Pretre receive that sarcasm?” Our mother replied—“He swore most furiously; and declared, that he would find out whether you were dead or alive. I endeavored in vain to turn away his attention from the unholy and as I thought fruitless search.

But Providence in a most mysterious manner, has ordered all our affairs for the best."

I proceeded in my perusal. "You will never know who were the chief actors in that affair; but three young men travelling stopped at your parish church during mass. Your journey to Quebec was talked of; and the dance at night. It was also mentioned that an old jilt, who was left in charge of your house would be at the frolic; and as the Pretres always have a plenty of money in their possession. The travellers arranged their plan, watched the woman's departure, and themselves at a late hour left the habitant's house at which they had been staying, under the pretext of joining the dance; where, however, they remained but a short time. At three o'clock they left the frolic unobserved. Having entered your house, they were frightened at the sight, as they thought, of the old woman, whom they had left at the dance asleep! but they instantly discovered that it was a young female preparing to escape from the window. She made known her wretched situation; and so to spoil such a coquin's tricks, the strangers seized your money, invited Louise to accompany them, set fire to the house, gave the alarm, and unperceived by any person drove away, amid the shouts and uproar of the party hurrying from the dance. They left the girl the next evening, and can never hear of her since; so that you have Louise's death to answer for; and remember, some more of us are ready to take a peep into your upper apartments, and look at your secret proceedings."

"How did the Pretre like this menace?" I asked. Therese answered—"He was so intimidated, that for a long time he was never known to be absent at night, unless he could engage some of his parishioners to remain as a guard." I again inquired—"How did he act upon this information?" Therese informed me in reply—"Immediately after the reception of this letter, the Jesuit started all his confreres upon the scent, for they are a confederated pack; but the pursuit was unavailing. Every hope of attaining any knowledge of you was nearly abandoned, when the cure of Lorette stated, that he had heard some intelligence of a strange girl, who was sick at that village, about the very time of the fire. The stupid squaws however had either forgotten or could give no precise account of the fact. With great difficulty, the Surgeon was finally identified. By a large bribe, he was induced to unite in the search. When it was ascertained that you had clandestinely left your lodgings, I desired that all farther inquiries should terminate, as it would only involve Diganu and Chretien in perplexity." I asked—"Why was your opinion not adopted?" Therese remarked—"You cannot form any idea of the craftiness and pertinacity of a Jesuit Priest in persevering to fulfil that which he has once undertaken. The Pretre cursed most dreadfully, and declared that nothing should satisfy him until he had obtained undeniable evidence of your death; and that he would obtain possession of you if you could be found: and he remarked with an expressive tone and look, 'you know, Therese, we cannot be deceived.'" I interposed—"That reminds me of a query which I have often wished to

make: "Why was the cross imprinted upon Diganu and myself?" Therese answered—"Merely to identify the children in case of necessity, provided it is determined that they shall live. It was the will of the two Priests, that you should bear a cross with their initials, in an oval, which they said was the first letter of my name. But for that mark, you and your brother could not have been separated. It is wonderful what a multiplicity of contrivances the Priests and Nuns adopt to recognize their unacknowledged children, if they are spared a premature death in infancy." I replied—"The sight of Diganu's cross so exactly similar to my own instantly convinced me that we should not be married. I never could view him in the relation of a husband." Therese continued—"Your separation was dreadful but necessary. No other mode could be devised without divulging to your father the prior circumstances respecting the manner in which you and Diganu had become acquainted, and even the other Pretre did not possess sufficient effrontery for the confidential exposure of that peculiar iniquity." I added—"We could have been mutually beneficial; and Diganu would have been calmed in a moment by the demonstration of the fact, that we are maternally related." Our mother remarked—"True; but my dear Louise! you forget that the Jesuit's wicked design upon you was restored in full vigor, as soon as he ascertained, that you might probably be recovered." I suddenly ejaculated—"Thanks be to God! my soul 'escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler; because the Lord was on my side, and my help

was in the name of the Lord who made heaven and earth.' But proceed with your narrative."

Therese thus continued. "The first communication which pleased the Priest, was the Surgeon's statement, that the female servant whom Diganu kept was never seen out of the house. From this fact, the wily Jesuit observed that there was cause for more minute inquiry. The Surgeon, however, and the woman with whom you had resided, both avowed that you were not the girl who had been sick at Lorette." I remarked—"I do not wonder at their being deceived; for I always dressed so uncouthly that no person could easily have recognized me." Therese continued—"Diganu's Father and the Surgeon were outwitted at their interview with the young men. Their immovable firmness, their unconcern at the Priest's details, and their imperturbable composure when his parting menace was pronounced, disconcerted him, and the Pretre's ingenuity was completely frustrated. Every thing might have passed unheeded, had your appointed marriage been deferred, or had any other place been selected for the ceremony. But as soon as the Cure of Lorette heard Diganu's name mentioned as the bridegroom, the circumstance was communicated to his Father. The Jesuit, without hesitation, affirmed that the choice of Lorette for the marriage was a proof of some peculiar cause, and instantly avowed his conviction that you were the proposed wife. The squaw was therefore directed to visit you; and although rather incoherent, her account rendered immediate measures indispensable. Your Fa-

ther was sent for to meet us at Lorette. He was merely informed that some time before you had eloped from our care. The heresy which you had imbibed from Marguerite was alleged as the cause. It was also stated, that you had been traced to Diganu's house, and that you were engaged to be married; that a separation was unavoidable; and to conceal our mutual secrets, he consented to the plan which was executed. Your dress betrayed you; for the Jesuit and Guise both recognized it upon your entrance into the church. Of the four in the conveyance in which you were driven to the General Hospital, your Father was the most callous. He swore, that it would be preferable to permit your marriage. "They are not related at all, according to the law of the church—he said—neither of them can have any Father or Mother, because a Priest or a Nun cannot be a parent; and at all events, a dispensation can be obtained from the Bishop; and then we shall be no more plagued with them. If Louise will not be a Nun and do like her mother, let her live with Diganu, married or single as they please." His scheme would have been assented to at first, for he proposed it before we meet in the church, had not Diganu's Father resisted the proposition. He could not brook that bitter disappointment: so with true Jesuit grimace he descanted upon illegal marriages; and your Father feeling neither for you nor Diganu more than he did for his brother Priest and me, agreed to those violent measures which were adopted." I asked Therese—"Can you inform me why I was released from the insane apartment and transferred to Montreal?"

"The interview which Diganu and Chretien had with the Bishop—replied Therese—perplexed us; although the Cure of Lorette had stated the circumstances to him, in such a manner, as to exonerate the Priests, and to criminate your brother and his friends. Nevertheless, the Bishop perceived that the complainants were not intimidated by his menaces. He saw in them a cool spirit of resolute defiance; and as the consequences might affect the priestcraft, he deemed it necessary more minutely to examine the subject. The Cure of Lorette was ordered to attend; and in recounting the threats which Rohoircic addressed to him; the Cure expressed his fears, from the number of witnesses who were present, some of whom were unknown except to Diganu and Chretien and the lawyer, and therefore could not be secretly removed, that a judicial investigation would be attended with serious injury to their order; and recommended that the Bishop should interpose his authority, so as to quash those denounced proceedings at law, which would terminate in the conviction and disgrace of the assailants. The two Priests were therefore directed to meet at the Bishop's palace; and at first he highly censured them for their doings. However they speedily pacified their superior's pretended wrath, by assuring him that the Nun who was concerned was his own daughter. He immediately visited me in the Convent, and having examined me for the mark of recognition—here our Mother shewed me the sign which had been stamped by his order—the Bishop acknowledged that I was his child. He also stated that my Mother had been Supe-

rieure of the General Hospital, but many years before had died. The Jesuit afterwards told me that he had been informed of my relation to the Bishop by the Superieure herself; and unknown to me, had been assured of the truth of her statement, through having seen the mark which she had described. This development changed our affairs, as it placed every one of the parties in a new relation. The Bishop directed that the storm should be appeased by an unqualified assent to all the lawyer's propositions; but this was not done, until I had explained the subject to my Father at confession; expressly that as a Priest, under the seal of that secrecy which the ceremony imposes, he might know all the complicated events connected with you and your brother. He accordingly adapted his measures to the crisis; and being pleased with the character of Diganu and Chretien, he commanded that every requisition which Rohoirsic made to pacify the young men who had so nobly acted should be complied with, if they did not unfold the connection between the Priests and Nuns. The conditions in respect to yourself were the Lawyer's spontaneous demand—but that Rohoirsic should be convinced, that you both were my children was an essential point with Diganu. Upon this assurance, he has submitted to his deprivation with as much fortitude as he can cultivate. I rejoice in what he is, and in what I hope, we shall be, at our meeting in the invisible world. From the proofs given to Rohoirsic, with the exception of my relation to the Bishop, I have no doubt that he understands the whole secret." "Where did you chiefly

reside—I asked—since our separation at the General Hospital?” Therese answered—“I remained in Quebec about four years, and you were continually near me; but you never saw me. After that period, I requested the Bishop to permit me to reside at Point aux Trembles; and there I first began to reflect upon myself. It originated partly in the great difference of character and temper between myself and one of my associates of nearly my own age. I suspect that she was just such a Nun as you would have been: unsuspecting but reserved, and an unscrutinizing devotee, in whom confidence could be reposed for any thing good; the specimen of a Convent for show, necessary to be kept for display and ornament. I believe that she was as ignorant of the true nature of a Nunnery as a person who has never heard of monastic life. She was remarkably placid and lowly, and pursued the ordinary routine not less mechanically than an automaton. We often conversed together, and I was surprised at her real or affected innocence; but as I felt no inclination to disturb her in her course, I reflected upon her peculiar qualities, and at length concluded that her even and useless life was preferable to my own restless and tormenting passions. It is now nearly four years since I began to experience unequivocal symptoms of feebleness. Confinement and seclusion occasionally followed; and in solitude, my conscience thundered its denunciations against my heinous crimes. The first effect was my dissatisfaction with the Priests. I felt that my whole life was disgusting, that I was chargeable with having done no good, and that the account

was evil, only evil, continually. My nervous depressions increased. These additionally alarmed my imagination; and acting upon a temper naturally capacious and vehement and habituated to long unruliness, rendered me peevish and morose. The darkness of my mind filled me with disquietude, and I had no comforter. I requested permission to return to Quebec. To this the Bishop objected; and during a visit which he made me, he proposed that I should remove to Montreal, with permission to correspond with Rohoircic. The two years which I passed in the old Nunnery in Montreal were a period of almost unceasing pain both in mind and body, without any alleviation. Scorned, detested and slighted like yourself, but without your interior comforts, and agonized with variety of grief, it was a time of most tormenting fear. The Pretres I abhorred, their doctrines I disbelieved, their mummery I despised; and their excommunication I scorned. With inexpressible disquietude I was revolving my situation, when a sudden thought rushed into my mind to have you for my companion." I remarked—"That impression upon your mind must have proceeded from Divine influence; and is another proof upon what fleeting thoughts and apparently trifling events, the most important consequences depend." Therese answered—"So I have latterly considered it. That impression was the gate to the path of the just for me to walk in to the endless day. But O! what did I feel! shame, disgrace, remorse and even horror! then I desired your forgiveness, hoped for your sympathy, longed for knowledge, and realized an indefinable anx-

iety for something or any thing which might calm the tempestuous ragings of my soul. Nothing upon earth could make me more debased; and I was solicitous to hear you say that you pardoned my unnatural wickedness. Like Job, I was full of tossings to and fro; yet the wish for your company strengthened, and I wrote my first letter to Rohoirsic, containing my request. He saw in the plan an eligible mode to release you from your vexations, and resolved to effect it. His inflexible obstinacy alone conquered. He has acted with so much honor, that while the Jesuits hate him for his acquaintance with all their detestable manoeuvres, they implicitly confide in him in reference to our affairs. My father having died soon after my removal to Montreal, the present Bishop opposed the scheme. Rohoirsic insisted, and at length, Diganu's father represented that it was of no importance. 'Therese and Louise—said the Priest—are incorrigible and accursed heretics. They cannot long survive; let them live together and quarrel till they are dead.' His unquenchable malignity, through Divine compassion, has been disappointed. We are both unknown at Three Rivers. I therefore selected this place as our residence. The lawyer undertook to persuade you to accede to the arrangement; and here we are in peace. 'What shall I render unto the Lord for his benefits toward me. He hath delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling!'—After a pause she added—Do you remember any other particulars, Louise, which you wish to have illustrated?' My reply was—'No; except that you will specify my age.' Therese

said—"You are now nearly thirty-one years old; a martyr to the depravity of a Jesuit and a Nun—with tearful emotion she presently added—how adorable, my Louise, is that goodness of God which can pardon the monster mother who has murdered such virtuous loveliness?" As soon as I could speak, I subjoined—"Let this reflection and all its connected topics henceforth sleep with your father and my father in grave-like oblivion. We can find ample subjects for discussion in our present experience and future anticipations. As the Apostle Paul has set us the example; 'let us forget those things which are behind, and reach forth unto those things which are before.'" Your mother very tenderly replied—"How kind, my dear Louise! it shall be as you desire. The past henceforth shall be only subjects for penitence and my private meditation. It shall be my endeavor to look to Jesus, 'that I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings.'" From that day, with the exception of yourself and Chretien, no extraneous matters, my dear Diganu, attracted our attention; I trust in the best sense, 'the world was crucified unto us, and we unto the world.'

Louise thus narrated the closing part of Therese's earthly pilgrimage.—I had hoped, as the spring would afford us opportunity of being in the air, that Therese's strength might be partially restored. We had become endeared to each other as Christian friends, and our daily communion sanctified and cemented our attachment. But I was disappointed. She declined very per-

ceptibly, until I thought it my duty to inform the lawyer of her situation. Rohoircic visited us, received her benediction for you, accepted her gratitude, and promised to fulfil her requests. She then seemed to have discarded all connection with this world except myself. The revolving weeks only witnessed her increasing solicitude that she might not be deceived at last; that she might not be deserted by the Lord in the valley of the shadow of death; and that she might enjoy the humblest part in the immortal songs of the redeemed. Sometimes she appeared to dread the approaching separation from the body; while at others, she would speak of it with trembling hope. I was however gratified to know, that her apprehensions of the spirituality of God's law became more intense. Her petitions also were more fervid for the acceptable qualities wrought in the soul by Divine grace; and her anxieties to be blessed with the good hope that purifieth the heart steadily increased. Therese imbibed with greediness all that knowledge which enlarged her views of spiritual things, especially in their searching operations upon her own conscience; and she would often pronounce her emphatic assent to the Scriptures and other books.

A year had nearly elapsed from our first interview, when Therese manifested symptoms of speedy dissolution. She was composed and equable; and her whole attention was absorbed by the momentous question: 'Am I in Christ Jesus?' Divine mercy exempted her from unusual depression; and her own contrition and

humility precluded any strong feelings of elevation. "I feel myself—our mother on one occasion remarked—in a situation something like Peter's when he was in the sea. He saw his perilous and helpless state; he believed the power and mercy of Jesus; and cried, Lord, save me! This, Louise, is my abiding experience. I behold my presumptuous sins, my blood-guiltiness, and my great transgressions; and I can only look to the infinite compassions of him 'who is able to save to the uttermost,' through the ever living Intercessor. I therefore constantly pray, 'deliver me, O God, thou God of my salvation!' My reply was—"No doubt, Therese, the Lord has heard your voice and your supplication: and I also have often prayed for you, that you may experience, like Peter, the truth of the Lord's mediation; and that in the trying scene, your faith may not fail." Of herself she spoke but little except in the form of ejaculatory supplication; but her language evinced a heart deeply impressed with all the living realities of the world to come. She often uttered questions, the result no doubt of her previous meditation—'Where shall I go? what shall I be? what shall I do? whom shall I see? what shall I say? how shall I live? am I ready for the change?'—Then she would request me to read to her those verses of Scripture which describe the future state in its characters, inhabitants and employments, with the pre-requisites which the Lord claims as necessary to an admission into his Father's house of many mansions. Sometimes she would speak with tolerable confidence; and after hearing a paragraph which enumerates the fruits of the spirit as evidences

of the work of grace, she would add—'well, I think, I have attained a little of *that* quality'—and when reviewing the causes of exclusion from the kingdom of heaven, she would remark—'Blessed be God! I think I am cleansed from *that* stain.' But generally her comfort was restricted to the hope, that she had unfeignedly repented of her sins, and that with sincere desire she was 'looking for the mercy of the Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life.'

For several days before her departure, Therese continued in much stupor. Our intercourse was short and unfrequent; but her feeble expressions developed more confidence. On the last day of her life, the Superieure propos'd that the Chaplain should be admitted. I objected; as it violated all my religious principles; but expressed my willingness that the Superieure should hint her wish to the dying penitent. During her next sensible interval, the head of the Convent proffered the attendance of the Priest to administer the last offices of his Church. With long pauses as her feebleness permitted, Therese observed—"I am greatly indebted and thankful to you, Madame, for all your kindness to me and Louise, since we have been residents here; but this offer I cannot accept. I wish to give you my dying testimony. After a long acquaintance with your religion, I am convinced that it is a gross imposition upon mankind. It is not less impious and absurd in doctrine, than practically immoral and wicked." The Superieure uttered an Ave Mary, and crossed herself in agitation. Therese continued—"I was educated in

your Church, have lived in Convents, and for forty years believed all that the Pretres taught, and did every thing which they ordered me. My alienation from them and their delusions commenced in solitude, when I was 'made to possess months of vanity, and wearisome nights were appointed unto me.' I know all their private infidelity and vices, their Jesuitical finesse, their masquerading characters, and their public impostures." The Superieure again trembled and crossed herself. "But I had no substitute for the evils which my conscience rejected—added Therese. She took my hand—Louise has taught me what I did not know. She has communicated to me instructions from the true word of God; and in its light, I trust that I have seen the light.' I have discarded your Church. I loathe all its commutations for iniquity, the claim to the Divine prerogative to absolve from sin which the Priests blasphemously assume, and the power which they so iniquitously exercise over the hearts and consciences of the silly deceived people, 'laden with sins and taken captive by them at their will'—and I abhor as the source of all evil, the ruinous opinion which they teach, that the everlasting condition of every individual will be determined according to their appointment. 'The injuries which they have done to me and Louise, we heartily forgive; and we also pray, that the Lord will have mercy upon you and upon them, and upon the deceived multitudes whom as 'blind guides, they are leading into the ditch.' I am not now one of their disciples. To a Roman Priest, I will make no confession. I abhor his pretended absolution, which he will

pronounce only for money or for his criminal gratification; and which, as they often told me, depended upon their intention; but who can be certain of what a Jesuit's designs, except probably by the rule of reverse? As to their extreme unction, I am certain that it is the invention of Satan to smooth the entrance to eternal despair. I request therefore, that I may be permitted to depart in quietude, and not be discomposed in my last moments by a rite which Christianity condemns. I am now in charity and peace with all mankind. My dear Louise! do not permit the holy calm within to be ruffled." I replied—"The Superieure, my dear mother, has only performed her duty; I disapproved of the measure; and I rejoice that through the expression of her wish, the Lord has enabled you to declare your opinions." Therese continued—"I have now done with the world, Louise; and you will soon follow me. That blessed book which opened my blind eyes and healed my broken heart, will support you during your short remaining stay on earth; and I trust that we shall again meet in that joyful state, where 'the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.' Pray for me, while I can understand your petitions and join with you in desire." I presumed that the Superieure would have withdrawn; but as she had been directed to witness the manner of Therese's death, she remained by the bed. I breathed forth my humble but sincere prayer for our dying mother, and for my beloved Diganu. Her amen was appended to my supplications, as my emotions obliged me to pause; especially when your welfare was the subject, and also

when I implored that she might enjoy the light of God's countenance in the parting moment, and be carried by angels into Abraham's bosom. The Superieure was evidently affected. To her it was a novelty incomprehensible, that a heretic would pray to God through Jesus Christ. As I arose from my knees, Therese motioned to me to approach nearer to her; and having kissed me, with a look of tender affection she said—"My dear Louise, I hope all is well. I trust that I have found acceptance in Christ. May God hear and answer your prayers, and may you ever experience his grace, mercy and peace, until we meet in the joys of heaven!" Having presented the Superieure her adieu, she reclined her head in a doze, occasionally interrupted by the motion of her lips, which, from the clasping of her hands, betokened prayer. Her breath and pulse gradually became more faint. After several hours, we distinctly perceived a placid smile overspreading her languid features; she opened her eyes, and looked upon me. I took her hand; she feebly returned the pressure—it was her last effort! presently my mother uttered—"I shall, Louise, I shall"—and her spirit returned to the God who gave it. Her corpse was removed by Rohoirc's directions; and I was consoled by hearing, my dear Brother, that you had attended your Mother's remains to "the house appointed for all living."

DEATH OF LOUISE.

Death springs to life :—
Though brief and sad thy story,
Thy years all spent in care and gloom,
Look up, look up!
Eternity and glory
Dawn through the portals of the tomb.

Louise thus finished her narrative. "My dear brother! I have been employed for some time in examining the papers which record my experience since our separation; and as I know not how soon the messenger may be despatched for you to witness my dissolution, while I have a little strength, I will supply all that is necessary for you fully to retrace my varying exercises.

"From the first sight of the cross on your head so exactly similar to my own, I always felt as if we were naturally related. When I assented to your proposal of marriage, my feelings revolted, notwithstanding all my affection for you; and something whispered within me, you cannot be married. Nothing but the dread of losing your protection and that of Chretien, and of being again separated and exposed to my former dangers, induced my involuntary acquiescence. It is impossible to explain to you the unceasing perplexity in

which I passed my nights and days. Every one of those incidents which alarmed us urged me nearer to you as the only alternative of escape ; while every feeling of my heart repelled the idea of a matrimonial connection. The only point on which I never wavered, was respecting the performance of the nuptial ceremony at Lorette. A deep-rooted prepossession, for which I never could account was fixed in my heart, that as there we first became acquainted, so there it should terminate or be sealed for ever. Therese intimated, that a delay in the time and a change in the place would have overcome all the difficulties ; but this was an incorrect impression which the deceitful Pretre had given her ; for he informed me, although it might have involved more trouble, that the result would have been the same. You and Chretien were so closely and incessantly watched, that you could not have left Quebec without being pursued ; and he also assured me with the utmost sang-froid, that your lives if necessary would have been forfeited, rather than you should have escaped to publish the fact of my abduction. "Nothing is more easy—said the Jesuit, with a petrifying look of malignant obduracy, which I shall ever recollect—and they would have been remembered only with abhorrence." Every Priest was instructed how to act in case two young men named Diganu and Chretien offered themselves for marriage ; so that I am now convinced, the melancholy affair was ordered in wisdom and mercy. Through your means I was delivered your mother converted, and a peaceful seclusion is secured to me as long as I am a sojourner in this vale of tears.

To Rohoirsic, under God, I am indebted for all the alleviations of my trials during my residence in Quebec. I cannot describe to you his agitation, while I narrated my doleful tale. He delicately requested me to evade any facts which it would pain me to disclose; and manifested great satisfaction at the recital of my escape; but resolutely pronounced his indignation. Fear not, Louise;—he said, at the close of my narrative—as far as is consistent with the personal safety of Diganu and Chretien, you shall have redress. They cannot alleviate your sorrow—I can; and be assured, in spite of all the power, artifices, and malevolence of every Jesuit in Canada, I will be your friend and protector, or some other person shall fill that office, as long as you live.' We separated. His promise was a reviving cordial; the benefits of which I have enjoyed during ten years, undiminished both in its sweets and plenteousness.

“Notwithstanding all the servile duties which I was obliged to perform, my spirits remained cheerful. I lived upon the truth of the Divine word. I supplicated for light to discern my spiritual way; and the Hearer of prayer graciously condescended to apportion my ability to my burden. The irregularities which I witnessed only increased my aversion to sin. The pretended arguments with which my principles were assailed affected my mind no more than the green withes which bound Samson's strength. The heartless formality with which the Popish ceremonies were despatched, only confirmed my dislike of that hollow

imposing exterior which concealed the real corruption. Even the most vexatious of all their devices, the contumely of the uninformed youth eventually produced no other effect, than to keep me nearer the Lord, whom I found to be 'my refuge and fortress, and whose truth was my shield and buckler.' Yet there were hours of overwhelming dreariness. I was not formed for solitude, and the little of Christianity which I knew, often rendered the want of communion with a fellow pilgrim, a subject of almost undevout murmur. When I annually heard of you and Chretien; of your exemplary characters; of your steadfast adherence to your principles, and of your prayers on my behalf, I have frequently ejaculated—'O that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away and be at rest' with you. Then after a temporary reverie, I would awake to the consciousness of my confined cell, and feel an overpowering restless aching void, which was only assuaged by the application of the gospel; and with all solicitude to realize its force, I would utter—'I will say unto God, my rock, why hast thou forgotten me? why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy? why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance and my God.'" This calmed the tempest; and although I counted the interval to the New Year's day with impatience; yet when the transient interview with the lawyer had terminated, it generally agitated my heart for some days after; and it was the most difficult portion of all the evangelical schooling which

I experienced, to acquiesce with the Lord's will. Divine grace, however, at length enabled me to say, and I think in the same resigned temper with which David addressed Zadok; 'here am I, let him do to me as seemeth good unto him.' I now understand the cause of this gospel discipline. The Lord was gradually preparing my heart for the duties of that grateful office which I was destined to execute. Had I known the name of my proposed associate, it is probable that I should have refused all solicitation; but I had so long experienced Rohoirc's fidelity, that his word was law with me. Then first I understood that Christian obligation, to do good for its own sake. Thanks be to God! it was effected; and I can truly say, that in giving, I received. Truly I was a novice in almost every thing, and confinement in the Nunnery had not instructed me. It was a mercy, therefore, that I witnessed your Mother's last year. Death and sickness, except in my own experienced debility, I had never seen; for the Nuns at Quebec excluded me from all intercourse, as much as if I had been infected with the plague. At Three Rivers I very impressively learnt how mortality vanisheth away. In a most affecting example, I saw how the Lord can adapt his mercy. Anxiously I beheld every step in the pathway of righteousness trodden by Therese, from the city of destruction to the river of death, until grace triumphed in glory. During this whole scene, I was also deeply convinced of my own increasing frailty; but I had a companion. Her strong bursts of penitential anguish enlivened my own contrite feelings. Her occasional vehemence to take

the kingdom of heaven by force quickened my own sincere endeavors. Her aspirations of praise inspired my gratitude ; and her closely scrutinizing application of the Divine oracles, taught me the genuine characters of that spiritual mindedness which is life and peace. The lesson has been most salutary. Of the soul's separation from the body, my ideas were vague, incoherent and without sensibility ; now they are precise, determinate, and animating. I have marked a penitent sinner's change ; an emaciated Mother's conversion to God ; and a humble, cautious, and apprehensive believer, casting her hope as a sure and steadfast ' anchor within the veil, whither the Forerunner for us is entered ;' and I can retrace this whole Christian landscape of the narrow road, with all that I can include in the most joyful interpretation of the patient Job's cheerfully resigned and peacefully confident language. It expresses your Louise's feelings and solitudes : ' all the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come.'

* * * * *

"I was removed from Three Rivers almost immediately after the death of Therese. Rohoirc visited me, and stated that if I approved, I might return to Quebec to reside in private lodgings ; and that he had agreed with Diganu's Father, that you, my brother, should not be apprized of the fact until our final interview, when I should be on the threshold of eternity. This delighted me, and the lawyer provided apartments where almost daily I have seen you and Chretien.

I could have informed you of nothing which these papers will not communicate. In my feeble condition, frequent personal intercourse would only have agitated our feelings unnecessarily, and opened your wounds afresh without any balm to assuage the pain. It has been a cordial to my spirits to behold you, and to pray for my brother and his friend as you have passed along the street, unconscious that your Louise was so near you. Often have I rejoiced to hear your names associated with every thing good. Always have I felt delighted in the assurance that our mutual requests constantly ascend to the throne of grace; and that we shall meet in "the New Jerusalem, around the throne of God and of the Lamb, with his name in our foreheads; there to see his face, and serve him day and night in his temple."

* * * * *

"My increasing debility urges me to seal the packet of manuscripts intended for your perusal. When you read these papers, my dear Diganu, you will rejoice as your Louise has rejoiced, and you will weep with those who have wept. The anticipation of Paradise has often supported me amid my severest earthly trials; and now in the nearing approach of dissolution, the prospective reunion with our Mother and you and Chretien, among 'the great multitude whom no man can number, to stand before the throne and before the Lamb, and sing salvation to our God,' so enraptures my heart, that it leaves me nothing to desire, but to be 'clothed upon with our house which is from heaven,

that mortality might be swallowed up of life: and being accepted, that we may be present with the Lord! Amen.

“Accept, my beloved Brother, the undying love, and the Christian benediction of your unchanged and faithfully affectionate sister.

LOUISE.

POSTSCRIPT BY DIGANU.

“At the close of the year 17—Rohoirsic visited us. He mentioned his agreement with the Pretre, that in the last period of her life, we should be admitted to the presence of Louise; made us acquainted with her removal to Quebec, and also stated that she had frequently seen us. ‘I came to apprise you of these circumstances—said our friend—and also to inform you that she is now reduced so low, that you may prepare your minds for the invitation to the closing scene of her mortal existence.’”


After several days Rohoirsic again appeared, and said—“Louise has been much affected with the pleasing anticipation of meeting you. You will find her extremely altered in appearance, so that you would not recognize her, except by her voice, and the cross. You are nearly the same,—she says—as she identified you both in the street, when you were first noticed by her. Louise is at the portal of eternity; perfectly conscious, in all her mental vigor; and although she can speak but

little, she is anxious to present you her last adieu.' He retired ; and after a short interval returned. 'Come—said our friend—Louise is near death, but fully sensible, and desirous to receive you.'

Who can conceive what I felt, when on entering the room, we saw instead of the once blooming and graceful Louise, a pale skeleton ? She presented her hand—'Let me look at your head'—even in its feebleness, it was her own delightful, well-remembered voice. 'It is Diganu'—she said ; and as she turned back her hair with her cold hand, I beheld the cross—'My Louise !' I could utter no more. We exchanged our tenderest salutation. After a short silence, she beckoned to Chretien who also received the kiss of our dying protegee. When we had partially recovered our feelings, she addressed me with great difficulty. 'My Brother, here is a packet which I wished to deliver into your own hands—she gave me the narrative of her experience—our friend will fulfil all my directions.' She then presented her thanks to Rohoirsic for all his care and kindness, and prayed that the Lord would reward him a hundred fold ; and that he might inherit everlasting life. As Chretien received her testimonial of affection, he thanked God that he was permitted to behold her in peace. 'Yes, Chretien—she replied—your friend has no doubt of her eternal safety.' She then addressed me "I sent for you, my beloved Brother, that we might once more unite our devotions on earth. Pray for me and for yourselves ; and your Louise will join in pleading with God on your behalf.'

I attempted to comply. All I remember is this; that what was defective in language and manner was supplied by feeling and sincerity. At the end of my prayer, she uttered her amen; and after I had resumed my station by her, she faintly said—'All my worldly desires and connections now are ended. God bless you, my Brother!' she sunk into forgetfulness, while reclining on my shoulder, but after some time; Louise again opened her languid eyes, and gave me an expressive glance; then as she presently appeared to be looking stedfastly upwards, my sister whispered to me—'Diganu, I see it. Lord Jesus! I come.'—Her eyes closed; and she entered the rest that remaineth to the people of God. We interred Louise by the side of her mother; and there I expect to repose, in certain hope of the resurrection of the just.

DIGANU.



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